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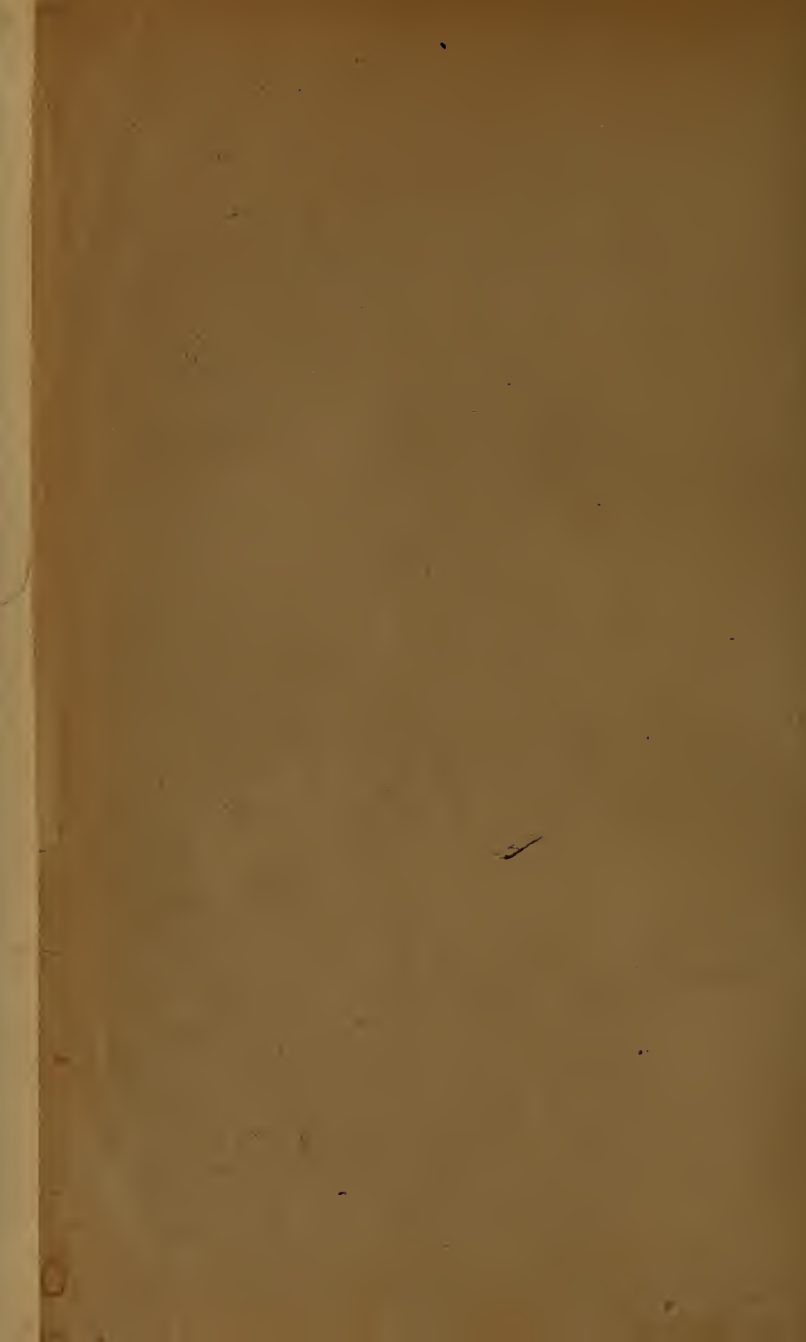
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HAWTHORNE'S COMIC RECITER



NEW YORK
HURST & CO. PUBLISHERS.



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HAWTHORNE'S

Comic RECITER.

FILLED WITH

THE LIVELIEST, JOLLIEST, LAUGHTER-
PROVOKING STORIES, LECTURES, AND
OTHER HUMOROUS PIECES.

FITTED TO KEEP

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SUITABLE FOR RECITATION IN

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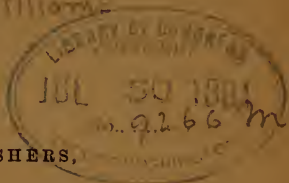
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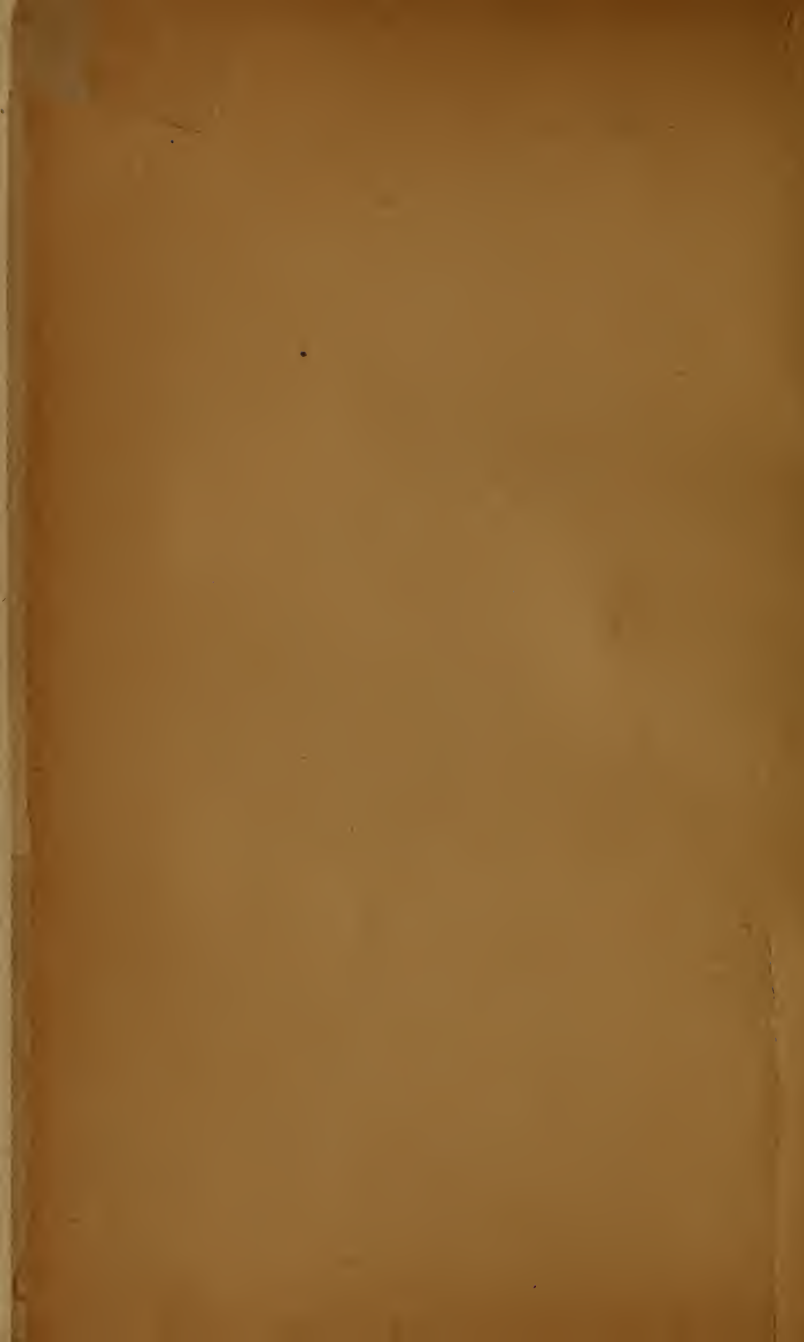


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PREFACE.

WE have got together in this book all the very best Humorous Pieces to be found anywhere. They are not only funny in themselves, but they are possessed of that quality of humor which expressly fits them for RECITATION. The pieces are of every imaginable style and nationality. Poetry and Prose interwoven. While those who revel in "taking" the Yankee, the Paddy, the Deutscher, and the Ethiop- will here find from one to a dozen articles just suited to special gifts and peculiarities; others who tickle the of an audience by talking in plain English, will find themselves well catered for.

THE AUTHOR.



CONTENTS.

TITLES.	AUTHORS.	PAGE
Home Attractions,	<i>Anonymous.</i>	9
Jester's Essay on Fools, (A)	<i>Anonymous.</i>	10
Kissing on the Street,	<i>Anonymous.</i>	12
Vas Bender Henshepeked?		13
My Josiah,	<i>Cousin Madge.</i>	15
Scandalous,	<i>Anonymous.</i>	16
Woman,	<i>Pompey Squash.</i>	19
Who's Who?	<i>Anonymous.</i>	21
Niam Niams,	<i>Anonymous.</i>	23
Schnitzerl's Velocipede,	<i>Hans Breitmann.</i>	25
Bachelor's Woes, (A)	<i>Anonymous.</i>	26
Jerks Prognosticates,	<i>Anonymous.</i>	27
Keep to the Right,	<i>Anonymous.</i>	28
Jacob Witte's Speech,	<i>Oliver Optic.</i>	28
Fairy, (The)	<i>Anonymous.</i>	30
Woman's Rights,	<i>Kitty Cheerful.</i>	30
Beautiful Ballad of Waska Wee,	<i>Anonymous.</i>	32
March of Intellect,	<i>Anonymous.</i>	34
Josh Billings' Lecturing Raid through the State of Maine.		35
Reform in Windows,	<i>Anonymous.</i>	37
Love and Firearms,	<i>Anonymous.</i>	39
Ballad of a Butcher, (The)	<i>Anonymous.</i>	39
Hard Lives,	<i>A. Brute.</i>	40
Der Baby,	<i>Anonymous.</i>	41
Clown's Description of Himself and Parentage,	<i>Anon.</i>	42
Bachelors and Flirts,	<i>Josh Billings.</i>	44
Smith, the Razor Strop Man,		45
Half-Way Doin's,	<i>Irwin Russell.</i>	46
Speaking for the Sheriff,	<i>S. Stubbs.</i>	47
Village Sewing Society,	<i>Anonymous.</i>	49
How Mother did It,	<i>Anonymous.</i>	50
Apples and their Application,	<i>Fat Contributor.</i>	52
Sally Hayes,	<i>Anonymous.</i>	54
Nobody,	<i>Anonymous.</i>	55
Why is He an Actor,	<i>Anonymous.</i>	56
What is a Bachelor Like?	<i>Anonymous.</i>	57
Wants of the Ages,	<i>Anonymous.</i>	59
Dermot O'Dowd,	<i>Anonymous.</i>	60
Hard-Shell Sermon, (A)	<i>A. Greeny.</i>	61
How Ub Vas Dot For High?	<i>Oofy Goof.</i>	62

Pat's Letter,	<i>Anonymous.</i>	64
"Dead Beat" in Politics,	<i>U. B. Green.</i>	65
Thin Man from Dayton,	<i>Anonymous.</i>	67
That Hired Girl,	<i>Anonymous.</i>	69
Love and Murder,	<i>Anonymous.</i>	71
Female Tenderness,	<i>Douglas Jerrold.</i>	72
Menagerie, (The)	<i>Honeywell.</i>	74
Boys' Rights,	<i>By One of 'Em.</i>	75
Tale of Love, (A)	<i>A. L. Harvey.</i>	76
Knock at the Door, (The)	<i>Anonymous.</i>	77
Stump Speech,	<i>Anonymous.</i>	78
Pat Contrives to Save his Bacon,	<i>Anonymous.</i>	81
Disappointment, (The)	<i>G. P. Morris.</i>	83
Hard Times,	<i>Anonymous.</i>	83
What Became of a Lie,	<i>Mrs. M. A. Kidder.</i>	85
Just his Luck,	<i>Anonymous.</i>	86
Lodge Night,	<i>Anonymous.</i>	86
Chickens,	<i>Rose Terry Cook.</i>	88
Old Si Pilots a 'Possum Hunt,		90
Agricultural Address,	<i>Washington Whitehorn</i>	92
Kiss in School, (The)	<i>Palmer.</i>	94
Josh Billings on Gongs,		95
Higher,	<i>Anonymous.</i>	96
Quiet Mr. Smith,	<i>Fanny Fern.</i>	97
To the Terrestrial Globe,	<i>A Miserable Wretch.</i>	98
Exclamatory,	<i>Anonymous.</i>	99
Praise of Little Women,	<i>Jean Reiz de Hita</i>	100
Speech Making,	<i>Anonymous.</i>	102
Seven Stages of Drunkenness,	<i>Anonymous.</i>	103
Goat, (The)	<i>Anonymous.</i>	104
Not So Easy,	<i>Anonymous.</i>	105
Corns,	<i>Anonymous.</i>	106
Train of Circumstances, (A)	<i>Fitz-Green.</i>	107
Close, Hard Man, (The)	<i>Anonymous.</i>	107
Paddy's Version of Excelsior,	<i>Anonymous.</i>	108
Lines on Fools,	<i>Anonymous.</i>	110
Loves,	<i>Anonymous.</i>	110
Poet, (The)	<i>Anonymous.</i>	111
Macbeth's Soliloquy Altered,	<i>Anonymous.</i>	111
Deck Hand and the Mule. (The)		112
Jack Sprat,	<i>W. W. Davis.</i>	113
Word With You, (A)	<i>Anonymous.</i>	115
Ass and the Violinist, (The)	<i>John G. Saxe.</i>	115
Romeo and Juliet,	<i>Anonymous.</i>	117
State of the Market,	<i>Anonymous.</i>	119
Romance in a Thimble, (A)	<i>Anonymous.</i>	119

THE COMIC RECITER.

HOME ATTRACTIONS.

As homeward comes the married man,
 He's met by wife at door,
 With fond embrace and loving kiss,
 And—"Baby's throat is sore !

"And did you think to stop at Brown's,
 And get that marabout
 I ordered yesterday ?—And, dear,
 Fred's boots are all worn out !

"I'm glad you are so early, John,
 So much I miss you dear—
 I've had a letter from mamma ;
 She's coming to live here.

"How very glad you look, dear John,
 I knew that you would be—
 The flour's out, the butter, and
 You must send home some tea.

"That plumber has been here again—
 If you don't pay he'll sue ;
 And Mr Pendergast called in
 To say your rent was due.

"Fred's trousers are half cotton, John,
 You thought they were all wool—
 Oh ! that reminds me that your son
 Was whipped to-day at school.

“The roof has leaked and spoiled the rugs
Upon the upper hall ;
And Jane must go, the careless thing,
She let the mirror fall.

“To-day, as she was moving it
(The largest one, dear John),
Of course it broke ; it also broke
The lamp it fell upon.

“What makes you look so grave, my love ?
Take off your things and wipe
Your feet—and only think, to-day
Jane broke your meerschaum pipe.

“O, John ! that horrid, horrid word !
You do not love me, dear ;
I wish that I—boo-hoo—were dead—
You're cross as any bear.”

A JESTER'S ESSAY ON FOOLS.

“There never was a character on the great stage of life or the drama so much misunderstood as the one I am endeavoring to pourtray. It is generally supposed that the clown or the fool of the olden time was a low, illiterate buffoon, who delighted to throw his limbs into horrible contortions, to wallow out his tongue and roll his eyes, and, as Shakespeare says, ‘commit such fantastic tricks before high heaven as to make the angels weep.’ But such is not the fact. The fool of the ancient day was a scholar and a gentleman, when the kings and queens of his country could neither read nor write. Besides this, the clown or fool had a higher and a holier province. He was the pioneer of human intelligence and manly independence. It was he who first stood up for the down-trodden rights and privileges of the great human family. You see, the fool was kept by kings, queens, and courts to

amuse them in their hours of leisure ; and it was he who, under the garb of laughter, dared to tell those wholesome truths to the very teeth of tyrants that greater men would have lost their heads for. But now 'Othello's occupation's gone.' It is no use being a fool nowadays—not it, indeed ! Five hundred years ago—that was the time to be a fool ! In those days fools were great men ; but things are altered now, for great men are fools. In the olden time fools were well paid ; but now, like every other trade, profession, or business, there is so much opposition, and so many people make fools of themselves for nothing, that the trade is not worth following. Now, Shakespeare says, 'Let me play the fool ! with mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come ; and rather let my liver heat with wine than my heart cool with mortifying groans.' Now, there is a reason for being a fool ; but the generality of fools are fools because they have no reason. But I am a fool, and I give you a reason for being a fool. Consequently, being a fool and having a reason I am a reasonable fool. But there are so many kinds of fools. There are fools in their own right, and fools in their own wrong. There are fools for nothing, and there are fools for interest. Now, I am a fool for interest—that is, I am a fool, and I find it to my interest to be a fool. Therefore, being a fool, and having an interest, I ought to be considered an interested and an interesting fool. At the same time I must be a fool for principle, because if I had no principal I could have no interest, because interest is derived from principal. And when I show I have an interest, that proves I have a principle ; consequently, I am a principled fool. But there are old fools and young fools ; satirical fools and drunken fools—who are the worst of all fools. Yes, if I had a voice that would echo from hill to hill, and vibrate through every valley, I would cry aloud, without the fear of contradiction, that drunken fools are the worst of all fools—except teetotal fools. That reminds me of what I saw in Manchester the other day. In one gutter I saw a pig ; in the other the semblance of a man. The pig was sober, the man was drunk. The pig had a ring in his nose, the other animal had one on his finger. The pig grunted ; so did the man ; and I

said aloud, 'We are known by the company we keep,' and the pig heard me and walked away, ashamed to be seen in the company of the drunken man. Shakespeare says, 'All's well that ends well,' so I finish with the pig, because I think the tale ends well when there is a pig at the end of it."—*Era*.

KISSING IN THE STREET.

DID you ever notice, mortals—
 Now I'll bet a cent you did—
 How the ladies—pretty creatures—
 Can't keep their feelings hid?
 But they are kissing out in public,
 Kissing everywhere they meet;
 Kiss—kiss at church and shopping,
 And—kissing—*in the street!*

Behold a charming maiden,
 Arrayed in fashion's hight,
 She meets upon the sidewalk
 A friend she saw last night:
 "How are you, my darling Nellie?
 How glad I am to meet!"—
 Then a dainty shake of fingers,
 And—kissing—*in the street!*

A bachelor beside us
 Says, "Pity that is done
 So much, for I am certain
 It *can't* be any fun:
 This kissing out in public,
 Kissing everywhere they meet,
 Kiss, kiss, at church and shopping
 And—kissing—*in the street!*

"But the secret great is this, sir:
 The maiden has no beau—
 No gentleman to kiss her;
 She must her feelings show,

By kissing out in public,
 Kissing all she may meet,
 Kissing, kiss at church and shopping,
 And—kissing—*in the street!*

Now, merry-hearted maidens,
 And women more discreet,
 Give over this bad habit
 Of kissing in the street.
 Remember that false traitor
 Who knelt at Jesus' feet,
 And don't become a greater
 By kissing in the street.

Be noble-minded women,
 With hearts attuned to right
 Then shall each see the other,
 As those who dwell in light
 But never for an instant,
 Whoever you may meet,
 Be caught like silly noodles,
 A-kissing in the street.

VAS BENDER HENSHPECKED ?

VON BOYLE.

ANY shentleman vot vill go round pehind your face, und talk in front of your back apout sometings, vas a shvindler. I heard dot Brown says veek before next, apout me, I vas a henschpecked huspand. Dot vas a lie ! De proof of de eating vas in de puddings ; I am married twenty year already, und I vas yet not pald-headed. I don't vas oonder some pettygoats gofernements ; shtill I tinks it vas petter if a feller vill insult mit his wife, und got her advises apout sometings or oder.

Dem American vomans don't know sometings nefer about his huspant's peesness, und vhen dem hart times comes, und

not so much money comes in de house, dot makes not some tifference mit her. Shtill she moost have vone of dot pull-pack-in-de front hoop-shirt-pettygoats, mit every kind trimmings. Pooty soon dot huspand gets pankerupted all to pieces. Dey send for de doctor ; und ven de doctor comes de man dies. Den dot voman vas opliged to marry mit anoder mans vot she don't maype like, mit four or six shildrens on account of his first vife already, und possobably vone or two mudders-by-law—vone second-handed, und de oder a shtep-mudder-out-law. Den she says mit herself, "I efen vish dot I vas dead a little."

Now, if a German goes dead, dot don't make a pit of tifference. Nopody vould hardly know it, except maybe himself. His vife goes mit de beesness on shust like notings has happened to somepody.

American vomans und Germans vomans vas a tifferent kind of people. For inshtinct, last year dot same feller, Mr. Brown, goes mit me in de putcher-peesness togeder. He vas American man—so vas his vife. Vell, many times ven efery peoples has got de panic pooty bad, dot vomans comes to her huspant, und says she *moost* have money. Den she goes out riding mit a carriages.

Vonce on a time, Brown says to me, "Bender, I vouldn't be henschpecked." So he vent off, und got himself tight—shust pecause his vife tells him, blease don't do dot. Den he sits down on his pack mit de floor, und if I am not dere dot time he never vould got home.

Vell, dot night, me und my vife, ve had a little talk apout sometings ; und de next tay I says to Brown, "Look here vonst ! My vife she makes sausages, and vorks in dot shtore ; also my taughter she vorks py de shtore, und makes head-sheeses ; und your vife vas going out riding all de times mit de horses-car, und a patent-tied-pack, cardinal shtriped shtockings. Now, your vife moost go vork in de shtore, und cut peeftshteaks, und make sauer-kraut, or else ve divide not equally any more dot profits."

Vell, Brown goes home, und he tells his vife apout dot. Den she comes pooty quick mit Brown around, und ve had a misundershtanding apout sometings, in vich eferypody took

a part, including my leetle dog Kaiser. Pooty soon up comes a policemans, und arrests us for breeches of promise to keep de pieces, und assaulting de battery, or sometings. Den de firm of Bender & Brown vas proke up. I go apout my peesness, und Brown goes mit his peesness. My vife she helps in de shtore. His vife goes riding mit de horses-cars, und efery night she vas py de theatre.

Vot's de consequences? Along comes dot Centennial panic. Dot knocks Brown more higher as two kites, py Chimminy! My income vas shtill more as my outcome. But Brown, he goes round dot shtreets mit his hands out of his pockets, und he don't got a cent to his back.

MY JOSIAR.

COUSIN MADGE.

" THINGS have come to a pretty pass
 The whole wide country over,
 When every married woman has
 To have a friend or lover;
 It ain't the way that I was raised,
 An' I hain't no desire
 To have some feller pokin' round
 Instead of my Josiar.

" I never kin forget the day
 That we went out a walkin',
 An' sot down on the river bank
 An' kep an hour a-talkin ;
 He twisted up my apron string
 An' folded it together,
 An' said he thought for harvest time
 'Twas cur'us kind o' weather,

" The sun went down as we sot there—
 Josiar seemed uneasy,
 An' mother she began to call :
 ' Loweezy ! oh, Loweezy !'

An' then Josiar spoke right up,
 As I was just a-startin',
 An' said, 'Loweezy, what's the use
 Of us two ever partin' ?'

" It kind o' took me by surprise,
 An' yet I knew 'twas comin'—
 I'd heard it all the Summer long,
 In every wild bee's hummin' ;
 I'd studied out the way I'd act,
 But law ! I couldn't do it ;
 I meant to hide my love from him,
 But seems as if he knew it,
 An' lookin' down into my eyes
 He must a seen the fire,
 An' ever since that hour I've loved
 An' worshipped my Josiar.

" I can't tell what the women mean
 Who let men fool around 'em,
 Believin' all the nonsense that
 They only say to sound 'em ;
 I know, for one, I've never seen
 The man that I'd admire,
 To have a-hangin' after me,
 Instead of my Josiar."

SCANDALOUS.

As 'long the street I blundered,
 Much I marveled, much I wondered,
 Seeing sights and things that mortal
 Never saw or dreamed before ;
 On the pavement came a rapping,
 As of footfalls gently tapping,
 And I heard a muslin—flapping,

Which my eye would fain explore ;
“ 'Tis some female,” then I muttered—
I had seen the thing before—
Only this and nothing more.

Came this female sweeping by me—
Fearing she should chance to spy me,
Suddenly I stepped into a
 Friendly, waiting, open door ;
Thence I saw the lovely maiden—
Being from some distant Aiden—
All perfumed and dry-goods laden,
 Pass me and go on before—
Naught had I to do but follow,
 And note down the dress she wore—
’Twas a mystery to explore

And I found—by close inspection—
That her haughty, upper section,
Something chance had called a bonnet,
 On its pericranium wore ;
And her breast was heaving slowly,
’Neath a garment fashioned *lovely*,
And I knew the movement wholly,
 I had never seen before,
For I knew ’twas “ patent heavens ”
 That this radiant maiden wore—
Only these and nothing more.

And her cheeks were full and rosy—
I could tell you, *inter nos*, a
Secret that a druggist told me
 Of the color that she wore—
Yet her cheeks were very pleasing,
But her looks at me were freezing,
And she showed a sign of sneezing,
 As she swept along before ;
And she sneezed a pair of “ plumpers ”

Out at least a yard before—
Only this and nothing more.

Then I noticed an uncertain
Lifting of the muslin curtain
That her feet had deftly hidden
From my errant eyes before
With each lift came a desire
That 'twould lift a little higher,
And at last it did aspire
Higher than I'd seen before,
And I knew it was a "tilter"
That this saintly maiden wore ;
Just a "tilter"—nothing more.

And the tilting and the rocking
Up and down the splendid stocking
Gartered by a bluish ribbon,
That I chanced to see she wore,
Showed me—'twas a sight for weeping,
That a pair of calves were creeping
Out of place, as she was sweeping
Like a stately queen before ;
Calves that she had lately purchased
From a fancy dry-goods store,
Patent calves—and not much more.

And the fluttering and the flapping
Of the maiden's gaudy trapping
Showed me sights that never mortal
Eye had dared to see before ;
Sights revealed by every lifting
Of the folds of muslin drifting
Round her, which the winds were shifting
Eyeward, higher, more and more,
Sights that to mortal vision
Never were revealed before,
Nameless here forevermore.

And while thus her rigging fluttered,
 Much I wondered, and I muttered :
 " And you call this thing a woman
 That is trouncing on before ;
 She, the brazen doll of fashion,
 Wrapped in one tremendous passion,
 Sunken from her noble station
 To the thing that goes before :
 Oh, that ever mortal vision
 Should such mystery explore !"
 This I muttered—nothing more.

And the thought came o'er me gushing,
 " Where has gone the art of blushing
 That we loved in wife or maiden
 In the saintly days of yore ?"
 Call me, if you will, uncivil,
 While I name her " thing of evil,"
 And I wish the very *déuce*
 Had the toggery she wore :
 And again she were arrayed in
 Dresses like her mother wore,
 Vanished now forevermore.

WOMAN.

POMPEY SQUASH.

BELUBBED SHEEP AN' LAMS :—De subjc witch looms
 uppermos' in my fervid imaginashun dis mornin' (or, *ebenin'*),
 am one dat hab puzzle de branes ob de grates 'preechers dat
 eber libed from de days ob Mefusaler to de days ob John
 Brown who liab cum to a dead halt-er in his march, finerly
 an' fureber. Dis subjc too am de moss interestin' dat de
 harts an' interlecs ob filisofers eber dwelt upon, one dat you
 all see, hear an' feal, but don't un'stand. Wen I say you
 don't un'stand, I 'tikerly 'dress myself to de hemale potion ob
 dis semblygashun, as dar don't happen to be any ob de she-

male seck present. I spects it am too cole for dere delikit lims to be galiwantin' up hea to chersch wen de frizometer am hot clar up abub shero. Darfo I shall extonish you when I nounce to you dat de subjc ob my discourse am

WOMAN.

Yas, my brudrin, woman, lublie woman, de paragon ob animels, de bewtyfullest ting in nater, de lublied ob all warkin or creepin' tings, de belubed ob all de maskeline gander.

Histry habs bery little to say 'pon de orijin ob woman. In my resaches I fine de fuss menshun made ob her am in de ritins of one ob de Patryarks in de time ob Jerry Boom. An' wot duz he say? Wy dat woman warn't born like oder fooks—fuss, a little chubby pickaniny, den a leetle gal, den a full groan lady! No, brudrin, she cumd into de wuld a lady ebervy inch ob her, an' about as tall an' plump as Misse Jinny Hocke. An' she appear'd bewfully drest in de kostume witch nater had libally perwided for her, widout hoop skurt, cossets, bussles, or any ob dem superfishal tings dat am ony to be seen by mortle man in de show-winder ob a millintery shop.

De fuss man dat eber sot eyes on de fuss woman, wur Farmer Adam. He had been hard at work all one day hoin' corn and sweet pertaters; an' consekently wur bery tired wen he turned in dat nite, an' he slep so bery sounly, dat he didn't woke up till day arter to-morrer. Jes imagine his sprise an' delite wen he fuss opened his eyes to behole standin' afo' him, in all her lubly bewty an' neckid majesty de fuss woman dat eber was created!

"Golly! wot a swete critter!" he exclaimed. "Whar did you cum from?"

"Dat's mor'n I kin tell you," says she.

"Wot's yer name?" sed he.

"Dunno—guess I neber had none."

"Whar wur you born?"

"Guess I war'nt born at all—guess I growd."

"Who wus your mudder?" he axed.

"De earf mus' hab ben my mudder ef I growd," she replied.

Adum thought she radder hab him dar. But jess den an old sarpint cum along—I tink it mus' hab ben a copperhed, for he knowd pooty much ebery ting—an' he tole Adum dat gal was got up spressly for him wile he'd ben snoozin' under de apple-tree. He furdermo' tole him dat her name was Misses Ebe, an' dat she wur made out ob a spare-rib—not a spare-rib ob pork—ampytated from de leff wing ob Farmer Adum.

When Adum heard dat, he thought he shud shualy kick de buckit, but on zamination he foun' dat de wound had all heeled up an' he was entirely conwalesent.

Den dar was a gran' weddin' in de gardin' ob Edum, an' all de beests an' burds an' bees an' oder creepin' tings wur invited. De minister tole dem wot dey mite do and wot dey mite not do, wot dey mite eat an' drink, an' wot dey mite not eat an' drink. All went on well enuff till dey disobeyed dar instruchuns, wen dar wus a muss kickt up, witch I will leff you know about and consider bel mo heahter.

De solum duty ob parsein roun' de hat will now be puffomed by dekon Gumbo Guzzle, an' wile he an propellin' roun', de Hoehandle Sciety will sing de oberturn ob "Jinny git your hoecake done."

WHO'S WHO.

WHO, when I feel a little ill,
Sends me a daily draught and pill,
Followed by a tremendous bill?

My doctor.

Who, when a lawsuit I have won,
For a large sum begins to dun;
To which the extra costs have run?

My lawyer.

Who, for my trousers which, with straps,
Have cost him half-a-sovereign p'rhaps,
Down in the bill two guineas claps?

My tailor.

Who, when I wish of beef a stone,
Composed of wholesome meat alone,
Sends me, at least, three pounds of bone?
My butcher.

Who, when I send a joint to bake,
Away from it contrives to take
Enough a hearty meal to make?
My baker.

Who lends my *Times* to read in town,
And, when I at the lateness frown,
Tells me the engine's broken down?
My newsman.

Who coolly pawns my other shirt,
And tells me with assurance pert
She's only dropp'd it in the dirt?
My laundress.

Who peeps in every private note,
And wears my best neckcloth round his throat,
And at the soir  e sports my coat?
My footman.

Who brings my shaving water late,
And with a basket full of plate
One morning doth evaporate?
My valet.

Who flirts with soldiers, dress'd so fine,
And leaves that sweetest pet of mine
To tumble in the Serpentine?
My nursemaid.

Who comes to make a formal call,
Merely to criticise us all,
When sever'd by the party wall?
My neighbor.

Who's who, or where shall he be sought,
 Who may not now and then be caught
 At something wrong in act or thought?
 Why no one.

THE NIAM NIAMS.

ANONYMOUS.

MY DEAR SHEEPS: On dis occasion I ax your ears, your eyes an' your moufs, while I export you to a much hotter climate dan dis, aldo de fernomican can't be much below ninety-nine hundud in de shaid. Now pay 'tention de hole, hemales as well as shemales, wile I take you to de land ob your auntsisters an' mine, do caulin' my granfader, dat came from Africa, my auntsister, I consider a lapstone lingo (as we say in High Dutch) made by Massa Daniel Webster in his dicshunary. But let's come to de pint. Africa am a wonderful country, my 'stonished 'ciples. Nature's de only tailor dar an' clofes all de natifs in a genteel soot ob black as soon as dey am born, widout cabagin' any ob de clof; do de people seldom eber dresses enny ting but deir vittels. An' more dan all, my frends, dat am de country whar has jis been found de Niam Niams, or men wid tails. An' dis will form de subjc ob my scorce. You may doubt it. But de discubbery am no fiction; no, my frends an' hearers, dem tails am stern realities, as dey say in de noosepapers. I shall begin by diwidin dese tails into tree heads.

1ly. How de tails git dar.

2ly. What dem tails for?

3ly. Why hab de Niam Niams got tails, an' nobody else?

1ly. How does dem tails git dar? Dis, you percebe, am a purely siantific kwestshun, an' I'll argy accordin'. De tails am sed to be about two or tree inches long—dis hab made some foolosophers tink dey are artificial, an' bin driv in. But whateber's driv in can be pulled out, wich am not de kase wid de Niam Niams' tails, darfor dey ain't artificial, an' bin driv in. Ergo, nogo, I forget wich Posle Irishtotle sez, it's my

opinion dey growed dar, furnished by tail-or nature before 'luded to. Quoddy Rat Demonstrandum, w'ich meens jist like a rat's tail.

2ly. Wat dat tail for? Dat am a hard kwestshun. It's too short to brush off de flies, and it can't be used for a swing like a munkee's. It am not ornamental, do it's more interesting dan a tale to be continued in tree volumes. It can't be used as a trowel like de beaver's tail, nor like a shanghai kote-tail hide spindle-shanks. In short, like de subjic of my eggs-plinations, I kin kum to no oder konklushun dan dis; dese here Niam Niams can't smile wen dey feel jolly, an' dey hab dese to wag wen dey feel glad. Dat's de only udder use fur sich a tail as I nose on.

3ly. Why de Niam Niams got tails an' nobody else? Among dat peepil ebbery wun hab 'em—de female seck as well as hemale. Do dat's not so surprisin', for in our own country de greatest tale-bearers generally belong to de female porshun ob de kommunity. De reason wy dese here Niam Niams hab tails an' nobody else, 'pears to me to be dis: dey's got no chairs to sit upon, an' konsekwently don't ware 'em off like de rest ob creation, an' dis argyment, taken in konnection wid de fac' dat dey must hab tails to wag w'en dey're glad, will splain de whole mystery.

An' now, my heerers, de subjic am eggshausted. I gub to you a plane, moral, unwarnished tale unfolded. It am only wid de intensest study dat sich siantifick facks can be 'lucidated, an' in acknowledgment ob my labors I spect ebbery day a letter from Agassass inwiting me to his house to zamine into de way dat de milk gets into de kokynut.

In de mean time, yure shepperd must lib, an' Dekon Smith will please tote round de sasser, takin' kere ob de kontents. Dekwire will sing de Boston Jubilee Anbil Koreas, with jor-bone 'cumpanyment.

SCHNITZERL'S VELOCIPED.

HANS BREITMANN.

HANS SCHNITZERL made a velocipede,
Vone of dot newest kind ;
It didn't hafe no vheel pefore,
Und der vasn't none pehind.

Aber dere vas vone in de middle, dhough,
Dat's shust as sure as eggs ;
Und he slitraddled across dot axle,
Mit de vheel between his legs.

Und when he vants to shtart it off,
He paddled mit his feet,
Und soon he made it gone so fast
Dat eferytings he beat.

He took it out on Broadway vonce,
Und shkeeted like de vind.
Pheh ! how he passed dot fancy schaps !
He leafed dem all pehind.

Dem fellers on dose shtylish nags
Pulled up to see him pass ;
Und der Deutschers, all ockstonished, cried,
"Potz tauzand ! Vas ist das ?"

But faster shtill Herr Schnitzerl flew,—
On, mit a ghastly schmile :
He didn't touch de ground, by Jinks,
Not vonce in half a mile.

So vas it mit Herr Schnitzerl
Und his velocipede :
His feet both shlipped right inside out
Vhen at its extra shpeed.

He falled upon dot vheel, of course ;
Dot vheel like blitzen flew ;
Und Schnitzerl, he vas schnicht in vacht,
Dot schliced him grode in two.

A BACHELOR'S WOES.

WHAT a pitiful thing an old bachelor is,
With his cheerless house and rueful phiz,
On a bitter cold night when the fierce winds blow ;
When the earth is covered a foot with snow.
When the fire is out, and, in shivering dread,
He slips 'neath the sheets of his lonely bed.
How he draws up his toes, encased in yarn hose,
And buries his nose beneath his chilly bed clothes—
That his nose and his toes, still encased in yarn hose—
May not chance to get froze : then he puffs and he blows,
And he swears he knows no mortal on earth ever suffered
such woes ;
And with ah's and with oh's, and with limbs so disposed
That neither his toes nor his nose may be froze,
To his slumber he goes. In the morn when the cock crows,
And the sun has just rose, from beneath the bed clothes
Pops the bachelor's nose ; and you may suppose
When he hears the wind blows, and sees the window all
froze,
Why back 'neath the clothes pops the poor fellow's nose,
For full well he knows, if from the bed he rose
To put on his clothes, that he'd surely be froze,
And these are only a few of his woes.

JERKS PROGNOSTICATES.

DON'T like almanacs.

Never did—and don't believe there's a particle of truth in any of them.

We have depended upon them for our weather, and the result was we never got it ; or it comes in huge lumps just at a time when we did not expect it.

The fellows who perform their prognostics and have them printed in the almanacs, with yellow covers, like novels, don't tell the truth any more than novel writers.

For this we have discarded all almanacs, and all things like them.

We shall have our prognostics hereafter—and shall stick to them.

We herewith immediately commence to carry out our most laudable determination, and prognosticate a little for May.

May will begin on the first day of the month.

It is not unlikely a little of the present kind of April weather will slip into May. If it should it would not be consistent weather, but slightly mixed.

The weather in May will last about thirty-one days and nights, which is the usual time at all seasons, with this month. On no account will this rule be deviated from this spring.

The weather will be pleasant every day in May—except some. On these days you may look for storms, or any thing else, providing you have lost it, and then it is better to advertise it in the newspapers.

If the clouds should come up during the morning, previous to ten o'clock, it will indicate that the sun will not be visible during the night following.

If the frogs are caught singing in the early evening, it indicates that the ice has left the ponds for the season.

If Saturday should fall upon Monday, Monday would get badly hurt.

If Thursday should occur on the day next succeeding Sunday, things would become mixed, and you may look for good or bad weather, as you feel disposed.

This will last for quite a considerable space of periods.

KEEP TO THE RIGHT.

THE great Shakespeare owns there are sermons in stones ;
 He likewise agrees that there are tongues in the trees,
 And that there are books in the clear running brooks ;
 But this town can boast of good advice from a post—
 A lamp-post I mean, for it's there to be seen
 Hanging up day and night, always in sight,
 This request and advice of "keep to the right !"
 So we cannot do better than follow to the letter
 This lamp-post's advice, for it's worth any price.
 While we jog through this life with its care and its strife,
 We get jostled along by the world's busy throng.
 Right put down by wrong, weak trampled on by strong ;
 But while we all fight with grim poverty's spite,
 Take advice from that lamp-post and "keep to the right."
 If you have a good wife love her as your own life.
 Never grumble or fret, or run into debt.
 Never stop out at night, and never get tight,
 And you'll never do wrong if you "keep to the right."

JACOB WHITTLE'S SPEECH.

OLIVER OPTIC.

MR. MODERATOR : I want to say a word about this 'ere new school-us. Most everybody has had their say, and now I'd like to have mine. I can't set, as I have sot for the past tew hours, and see the people's money flung away on a new school-'us without saying a word ag'in it.

If I understand the matter right, it is proposed to spend tew thousand dollars. And what fur, Mr. Moderator? To set up a high school-'us, and teach the boys and girls of Squawkboro' a lot of highfalutin stuff that will only make them impendent and sassy.

When I went to school and got my l'arnin', all I studied was the three r's—*readin'*, *'ritin'* and *'rithmetic* ; and that is plenty enough for anybody to l'arn, and two much for a gal.

It is easy enough for men to get up in a town meetin' and vote away *tew thousand* at a lick ; but how long would it take them to 'arn that money themselves? In my opinion, Mr. Moderator, there is too much money locked up in the public buildings already. Look at the meetin'-uses in Squawkboro'! *Four*, and any one on 'em is big enough to hold all the people that goes to the hull on 'em. How can a town ever get ahead that has so much capital locked up in meetin'-uses? And every one on 'em callin' the other names !

Suppose this vote passes—whar are ye a-goin' to put your new school-'us? There'll be a puzzler for ye! I s'pose Squire Snukes will try his pootiest to have it built on his five-acre lot; and somehow the people of this town think they must dew jist what the squire tells 'em, because he was sent to Ginerall Court one term. But I can tell you, Mr. Moderator, that if the school-'us is put on that lot, it will be playin' a mean thing on the children that live up over by Silas Doozenberry's. They can't come to school only when the sun shines. And I don't want the thing built anywhere near my place. I know what it is to live near the school-'us. I don't want my apples and peaches hooked, or my fences hacked up by boys, to say nothin' about the winders broken by base balls and sich.

Mr. Moderator, we've got along all these years without this school-'us; why can't we get along fifty years more? Why agitate this peaceful town of Squawkboro', from one eend to t'other about edicatin' a parcel of boys and gals that know a sight more than their payrents do already?

Tew thousand dollars! My gracious, Mr. Moderator! Jest think of *tew thousand dollars* all to wonst! Jest think of the town debt *now*, and then picter to yourselves what it will be with *tew thousand* more piled onto it. Look forrard a hundred and fifty years, and see our children's children a-groanin' under the taxes this 'ere school-'us will bring upon 'em. Why, sir, I got our minister to figger up what *tew thousand dollars* would be if divided ekally among the inhabitants of Squawkboro' and it come to *three and ninepence* apiece! Yes, Mr. Moderator, *three and ninepence* apiece!

Why, sir, it is only a year since the town went to the ex-

pense of two hundred and fifty dollars to build a *hearse-house*, and not a livin' person in Squawkboro,' needed it. But there it is built, and stands there unopened week after week, hardly any use for it. As I said before, I can't set still and see the hard-'arned money of the people flung away on hearse-houses and school-houses without gittin' up and utterin' my voice ag'in it.

Mr. Moderator, I shall vote ag'in this appropriation, and I hope every liberal-minded, whole-souled man will do the same.

THE FAIRY.

OH reveal to me thou fairy stranger,
 Why this circular path you seek ;
 Every step is fraught with danger,
 And to one so fair and meek.
 Where are those that should protect thee
 In this faltering hour of doubt?
 Love could never thus neglect thee,
 Does your mother know you're out?

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

KITTY CHEERFUL.

WHAT can mean this great commotion
 About women's rights and wrongs,
 While of rights a boundless ocean
 Still to her by right belongs?

Hers the first to greet the morning,
 And the breakfast to prepare ;
 Hers the first to set in order,
 With a watchful, prudent care.

Dress the children, pour the coffee,
Hush the baby's noisy cries ;
Look a smile whose very blandness
Every cloud of care defies.

Meekly hers it is to listen
To each bit of morning news,
Talk and prattle of the weather,
Drive away all business blues.

Then to please her darling husband,
Down to sit and sing "good-by ;"
Play a waltz or variation,
Or a Scottish melody.

She's a right to pin his collar,
Square the knot in his cravat ;
See him safely through the passage,
Brush his raglan and his hat.

Teach the child to throw sweet kisses
To his "dear, kind, good papa ;"
Watch him till he's out of hearing,
Sigh because he's left mamma.

Here to hasten to the kitchen,
Fix the little ones for school ;
Wash the dishes, make the pudding,
Set the butter where 'twill cool.

This one right above all others—
Let her work be what it will,
Making soaps, preserves or candles—
To keep her person tidy still.

Keep her hair in glossy ringlets,
Or arranged with prudent care,
With a habit so becoming,
A princess might be proud to wear.

32 THE BEATIFUL BALLAD OE WASKA WEE.

Then to keep her petty troubles
'Neath this elegant outside—
Busy sighs, and tears, it may be—
Sweetly smile what'er betide.

Talk of suffrage and of voting,
She resents it in a huff ;
Woman's rights ! they're but too plenty
Mercy knows she's rights enough.

Till man claims the right of training
Children, infancy and youth ;
Till he educates all nations,
Raise the boys and girls, forsooth ;

Till he mold earth's sons and daughters,
Mind and matter at his will,
Holding yet the rod of empire,
She abjures the suffrage still.

THE BEAUTIFUL BALLAD OF WASKA WEE.

HER voice was sweet as a ban-do-lin,
Her mouth was small as the head of a pin ;
Her eyes ran up, and her chin ran down—
Oh, she was the belle of Yeddo town.

Now, lovely Waska Singty Wee,
So good to hear, so sweet to see,
The fairest maiden in all Japan,
Fell dead in love with a Turkish man.

This Turkish man a turban had,
This Turkish man was sly and bad ;
He whispered unto Miss Waska Wee :
“ Oh, fly with me to my own Turkee !”

“Oh, fly with me to my own Turkee !
And robes of gold I'll give to thee—
A girdle of pearl and love for life,
If thou wilt be my eighteenth wife !”

Now simple Waska Singty Wee,
So good to hear, so fair to see,
Resolved behind her bashful fan
To be eighteenth wife to the Turkish man.

But though her heart was full of glee
She hung her head and said to he :
“If thou should die, my Turkish beau,
Where would poor Waska Singty go ?”

Then this horrid, sly, old Turkish man
Declared he'd die on the English plan.
“And so,” said he, “my bright winged bird,
Thou'lt have for thy fortune the widow's third.”

Then flew the maid to the *Mi-ca-do*,
And told the plan of her Turkish beau,
“And now,” said she, “the whole thou'st heard,
How much will it be, this widow's third ?”

Now the *Mi-ca-do* was wondrous wise,
He opened his mouth and shut his eyes :
“The widow's third, oh, daughter ! will be
Whatever the law will allow to thee.”

Then flew the maid to the court of Lords,
Where every man wore a brace of swords,
And bade them name what sum would be hers
When the Turk should go to his forefathers.

They sat in council from dawn till night,
And sat again till morning light,
Figured and counted and weighed, to see
What an eighteenth widow's third would be.

And the end of it all, as you well might know,
Was nought but grief to the Turkish beau ;
For lovely Waska Singty Wee
Said, " Go back *alone* to your old Turkee !"

MARCH OF INTELLECT.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—Allow me to offer you my opinion of the march of intellect ; march they call it, but I call it a gallop, for there's so much sense and learning about that there's not a dunce now but what's a great scholar ; and how can they help it, for go where you will you see improvement ; for you may pop into a coffee-house and over a cup of coffee you may swallow all the news of the week a week before it happens, by reading the next Sunday's paper the Saturday before it's printed. There is not much in the coffee, but you may have a decent cup for three cents by paying five cents for it ; and if it is not sweet enough you may sugar it with your own milk if there happens to be any cream on the table. You can get the fat of information, for the newspapers are so smothered with grease that every word you read is entirely obliterated, but that is to be accounted for because all the butter they eat off the toast they plaster on the paper. Then there's your inventions ; they have got indiarubber pavement because it wears twice as long as any other stone, by means of its flexibility it never gives, therefore it never takes ; you cannot make the least impression on it, for it rubs out every mark that's not left on it. Then there's the great tunnel. I remember the time when it was thought a good thing to go over the water by the means of a bridge or a boat, but now by the means of the great tunnel we go over the water by going under it. Then they've invented letters which a blind man can see to read by the feel of them. Then look at the printing ; here are the newspapers printing themselves by the aid of a steam engine. There was a time when the only printing was handwriting, though certainly that was some time ago, long before letters were invented. And here they'll

build you a stone house out of bricks and mortar, and the only bit of stone about it are the wooden doorposts. Then look at the cultivation of the land, in Adam's time the only spade they had was a pickaxe; but now we have a patent plow that rips up the ground without even touching it. Then look at the improvement of the laws; in before times we had no law, and then we had nothing but justice; then any man could take his own even if it belonged to another party, but since we've had law we've done without justice, so that you can't keep your own because it belongs to somebody else. It is a curious thing when we look forward to what has been, and look back to what is to come. They tell us we are hundreds of years behind other countries, but that will not be long the case, for now that we've got steam on our side we are overtaking them so fast that we are a long way ahead of them.

JOSH BILLINGS' LECTURING RAID THROUGH THE STATE OF MAINE.

I HAVE just returned from the Stait of Maine.

I went through the Stait endways.

That iz tew say, from top to bottom.

I lektured as I went.

I like the inhabitants.

Everybody works in the Stait ov Maine.

Gentlemen of leizzure there are called loafers,

Maine is bounded just now as followers: On the north by the land of the deserters, on the east by Asia, on the south by the grate Atlantic saltwater privilege, on the west by the Rocky Mountains.

The best productshins of the Stait iz men and wimmen. The wimmen have more indigenous hair on their heads than you kan find in the whole ov the Middle Staits.

Everybody goes tew bed in the Stait ov Main at 9 o'clock P. M.

I lektured at Gardiner. At 9 o'clock the aujence arose all

tew onst, and, bidding me a fond fairwell, said it was bed-time. I took the hint and stopt lekturing.

Bangor has something less than one hundred thousand inhabitants (about 75 thousand less, I belief.)

Bangor ain't the capital ov the Stait at present. It haz the best tavern stand in the Stait. It is called the "Bangor House," and iz kept bi Shaw. He and I are cuzzins by marriage (we both married femails.)

Shaw is a McClelland man ; he has got a hoss with that name of the male purswashun, who iz a great deal faster than the General that he wuz named after wuz.

I lektured in Bangor.

The thermometer waz 19 degreez less than zero, and the spectators couldn't absorb the lektur. The morning paper said, "Sum liked the lektur and some didn't." This put me in mind of the parable in the Bible, about the 10 virgins ; they was effected in the same way—5 waz wize and 5 was otherwize.

The churches in Bangor, in their outside appearance, are a kompliment tew the cauze, and I havn't any doubt the stockholders are all ov them 4th proof.

I waz taken around the town bi Mr. Shaw (my cuzzin) in a delikate rig, pulled bi ten thousand dollars worth ov natural trotting property.

Bangor and its pleasant people are morticed into mi buzum—they are tenants there for life. If I ever go there again I shan't fail tew see them.

I also lektured in Lewiston, to a gushing house. Some of the aujence wuz affected with tears. The editor of the next day's paper gave me a very flattering notiss—a collum and a half, containing my whole lektur.

Ed. Sands (unkle to the grate sassaparilla root Sands) was mi right bower, while I waz in the Stait ov Maine.

He is the general agent for the whole Stait. I can recommend him to enny young lady who wants to get a husband who will be useful to her ; or he would make a tiptop secund husband for a widder who hadn't had a fair shake the fust time. He belongs to the Temperance Society.

I also lektured in Dexter, an inland town, about 15 hun-

dred mile in a westerly direkshun from the city ov London.

I gave a free lektur, and tew my surprize I had a full house. The hat was shoved round at the cloze of the servises, and about 300 hundred dollars (more or less) waz entrapped.

This place was named after the celebrated trottin hoss, Dexter. Dexter can trot (in private) in 2:06. I will bet 60 dollars ov it (and I ain't worth a sent to bet owing to a natural weakness.)

I likewised lectured at Augustus, the capital of the Stait, and had a full house ov benches. This waz owing tew a misunderstandingness about the weather.

The people offered tew turn out if I would find the umbrellers, but we split on the umbrellers.

I could not dew miself justiss at Augustus. There wa'n't but one lady present in the hall, and me and the aujence waz awl the time looking at her.

What an awful state of things it would be if the wimmer and the ladys should awl be taken out ov this world, tew their hums up in the skize ! Wooden dolls would advance 5 foot in a week.

REFORM IN WINDOWS.

GENTLE READER, did you ever go to church? If you have, and the church was one of those with stained glass windows, you have noticed that the sunlight as it streams through the windows and becomes doctored with the paint, invariably reaches out for a bald-headed man, and falls upon his polished exterior. This, we believe from what we have noticed, is the invariable rule. The painted sunshine never falls anywhere else. It seeks out the bald-headed and shoots him on the spot ; and the map of the American flag which appears on the bald place cannot be hauled down with impunity. All through the sermon this circus lemonade sunlight will flicker and glint and play tag all over that bald head, as it nods approvingly to some point that the preacher has made in his sermon, or nods with the weight of ripening years or the

ponderous burdens of the man's intellect. Sometimes a blue streak, that has come through the tail of St. Paul's ulster, will fall upon the bald man's nose, and it will look like a bologna sausage that ought to have been used long before the war broke out. A streak of yellow from the Virgin Mary's bodice will then swat the man across the mouth, so to speak, and he will look like a laughing hyena. But all the while, the blue, red, yellow and purple are getting in their work on that bald pate, and it looks like a circus poster or target for an archery club. Do we feel solemn under such circumstances and experience a sense of reverence and awe? Well, if we are bald-headed, and know that we are being illuminated in the same manner, we do feel pretty solemn and no mistake. But if we had a boy fourteen years old, who would sit in a back seat and see all those variegated eggplants, and feel solemn and pay attention to what the minister was saying, we would take him home and whip him within an inch of his life.

We do not wish to be understood as wishing to clothe religion in the gloom and superstition of the dark ages, but it does seem as if the stained glass windows in our churches added unusual and uncalled for terrors to the trembling sinner in a back pew. Why should we cause our houses of worship to look like the front windows of a drug store at night? And what is the imperative need—we do not ask this in a complaining spirit, but simply for information—what is the imperative need of giving a magic-lantern exhibition in the middle of the day? Is it not out of place? Is it in harmony with the advanced spirit of the age in which we live? Is it not a reflection upon bald-headed men, and does it not have a tendency to drive them to the haunts of vice instead of leading them gently through green fields and by the side of still waters, up to a nobler existence and the contribution-box? If there was any utility about these stained glass windows we could make allowances. If they contained advertisements, something that was of benefit to somebody, so a person could sit in his pew and read on a bald head, "Buy your postage stamps of Henry Payne and save forty per cent."—if, in short, there was one redeeming feature in the whole

rainbow, we would not say a word. But we have given the matter serious thought, and there does not appear to be any possible defense of this diluted sunshine. Give us straight sunshine ; give us the clear quill, the pure article with out any bitters in it. If we have to have it mixed, we can mix it afterwards.

LOVE AND FIREARMS.

SHE was a virgin fair to view,
 Her name, I think, was black-eyed Sue ;
 Her eyes they were of the brightest hue,
 And her breath as sweet as the morning dew ;
 And on the wings of love I flew
 To tell her I'd for ever be true,
 For Cupid's flame none can subdue.
 At last a sheepish eye she threw
 And said, oh, dear, I must have you ;
 To church we went with such a crew,
 The parson came, gave us the cue,
 And tied us together as fast as glue.
 But weeks had scarcely passed a few,
 When this false jade she proved untrue ;
 What I felt none ever knew.
 At last in such a rage I grew,
 Two revolvers from my pockets I drew ;
 And the first chance I swear to you,—
 I'll pawn them for a dollar or two.

THE BALLAD OF A BUTCHER.

IT was a gruesome butcher,
 With countenance saturnine ;
 He stood at the door of his little shop,
 It was the hour of nine.

The children going by the school
 Looked in at the open door :

They loved to see the sausage machine
And hear its awful roar.

The butcher he looked out and in,
Then horribly he swore ;
Next yawned, then, smiling, he licked his chops ;
Quoth he : " Life's an awful bore !"

" Now here's all these dear little children,
Some on 'em might live to be sixty ;
Why shouldn't I save them the trouble to wunst,
An' chop 'em up slipperty licksty ?"

So he winked to the children and beckoned 'em in ;
" Oh, don't ye's want some candy ?
But ye see ye'll have to come into the shop,
For out here it isn't handy !"

He 'ticed them into the little shop,
The machine went round and round,
And when these poor babes came out again
They fetched ten cents a pound.

HARD LIVES.

A. BRUTE.

How happy is the single life
Of all the priests and monks !
Not one of them has got a wife
To bother him with trunks
And bandboxes, a load too great
For man or horse to bear,
Which railways charge for over-weight,
And cabs ask double fare.

Fell care, as when your bride you post,
Distracts your anxious mind,
Lest this portmanteau should be lost,
Or that be left behind ;

Her baggage as you travel down
Life's hill weighs more and more,
And still, as balder grows your crown,
Becomes a greater bore.

Outstretched by fashion vile and vain,
Hoops, petticoats and vests,
Now Yankee females to contain
Require no end of chests ;
To which bags, baskets, bundles add,
Too numerous to name,
Enough to drive a poor man mad,
A Job with rage inflame.

The cab keeps swaying o'er your head
With baggage piled above,
Of overturn you ride in dread,
With her whom you should love ;
Then you, the station when you gain,
Must see the lumber stowed,
And fears about it in the train
Your heart and soul corrode.

Thus does your wife each journey spoil
Of yours which she partakes,
Thus keeps you on the fret and broil,
Your peace and comfort breaks.
With all these boxes, all her things
(How many) to inclose,
The fair incumbrance on you brings
A wagon-load of woes.

DER BABY.

So help me gracious, efery day
I laugh me wild to see der vay
My schmall young baby dries to play—
Dot funny leetle baby.

Vhen I look on dhem leetle toes,
 Und saw dot funny leetle nose,
 Und heard der vay dot rooster crows,
 I schmile like I was grazzy.

Und vhen I heard der real nice vay
 Dhem beoples to my wife dhey say,
 "More like his fater every day,"
 I vas so proud like blazes.

Sometimes dhere comes a leetle schquall,
 Dot's vhen der vindy vind will crawl
 Righd in its leetle schtomach schmall,—
 Dot's too bad for der baby.

Dot makes him sing at night so schveet,
 Und garrydorric he must eat,
 Und I must chumb shpny on my feet,
 To help dot leetle baby.

He bulls my nose and kicks my hair,
 Und grawls me ofer everywhere,
 Und schlobbers me—but vat I care,
 Dot vas my schmall young baby.

Around my head dot leetle arm
 Vas schqueezin me so nice and varm—
 Oh ! may dhere never coom some harm
 To dot schmall leetle baby.

THE CLOWN'S DESCRIPTION OF HIMSELF AND PARENTAGE.

My father was an independent gentleman, for he kept a public house, or, properly speaking, one kept him. I have heard them say he died in an elevated position in life, and was carried off instantaneously by a kind of choking sensation, which was beyond the reach of medical skill. My

mother was so inconsolable for his loss, that three weeks after his departure, she married her barman, and as I was a bar to his ultimate claims, I was posted off to sea, and sailed on board the *Royal Oak* for the North Pole, which, by-the-by, I have climbed up ten times a day, and at this moment I possess a toothpick which I cut myself out of one of the knots from the west surface of the pole; having succeeded in sharpening it, to the astonishment of my wondering fellow-voyagers, they christened it *Gulliver's Knotty Point*, which to this day indicates completion of difficulty. About this time a fellow sprung up, who called himself *Baron Munchausen*, who, if he could speak two consecutive words of truth, was never found guilty of it once in his life. You must have heard one of his exaggerations, touching the thrusting his arm down a lion's throat, and turning him inside out. Ridiculous! That was my exploit—not turning the lion, for I never turned anything in my life, unless it was a traveler; but that you will hear about presently. The origin of that feat was my slaying an African lion, which are very common in the Arctic regions, and taking half-a-dozen turns of his tail over my right hand, I swung the roaring monster some half-a-dozen times round my head, and threw it from me with such an unexpected force, that the animal's raw carcass was hurled at least two miles away, leaving the entire skin, tail as well, in my possession, including claws and all, which I gave to a friend of mine, a lawyer, and that's how the word originated. Keep from the lawyer's claws. Returning home, we were within an inch of shipwreck, by running on to an iceberg; but luckily our vessel was made of iron, so I persuaded the captain to make her hull red hot, which he did, and by that means we cut our passage through the mountain of ice without a single accident. Being very fond of fishing, I tried an experiment for catching sharks, which answered remarkably well. This is it: take a strong rope, and tie one of the finest fed men you have on board to one end of it, throw him over into the water, where he can swim about till he attracts the notice of the shark, which will immediately pounce upon the bait;

then all you've got to do is to pull them both on board, and having released the man from the monster's jaws, you can cut the animal up, giving the tail as a trophy to the brave fellow who performed the part of the bait.

BACHELORS AND FLIRTS.

JOSH BILLINGS.

SOME old bachelors git after a flirt, and don't travel as fast as she doz, and then concludes awl the female group are hard to ketch, and good for nothing when they are ketched.

A flirt is a rough thing to overhaul, unless the right dog gets after her, and then they make the very best of wives.

When a flirt really is in love, she is as powerless as a mown daisy.

Her impudence then changes into modesty, her cunning into fear, her spurs into a halter, and her pruning hook into a cradle.

The best way to ketch a flirt is tew travel ther way from which they are going, or sit down on the ground and whistle some lively tune till the flirt comes round.

Old bachelors make the flirts, and then the flirts get more than even by making the old bachelors.

A majority of flirts get married finally, for they hev a great quantity of the most dainty titbits of woman's nature, and alwus have shrewdness to back up their sweetness.

Flirts don't deal in po'try and water grewel; they hev got to hev brains, or else somebody would trade them out of their capital at the first sweep.

Disappointed luv must uv course be all on one side; this ain't any more excuse fur being an old bachelor than it iz fur a man to quit all kinds of manual labor jist out uv spite, and jine a poor-house because he kan't lift a tun at one pop.

An old bachelor will brag about his freedom to you, his relief from anxiety, hiz independence. This iz a dead beat, past resurrection, for everybody knows there ain't a more anxious dupe than he iz. All his dreams are charcoal-

sketches of boarding-school misses ; he dresses, greases hiz hair, paints his grizzly mustache, cultivates bunyons and corns tew please hiz captains, the wimmen, and only gets laffed at fur his pains.

I tried being an old bachelor till I wuz about twenty years old, and came very near dying a dozen times. I had more sharp pain in one year than I hev had since, put it all in a heap. I was in a lively fever all the time.

SMITH.

RAZOR-STROP MAN.

SMITH, gentlemen, is an illustrious name,
And stands very high in the annals of fame,
Let White, Brown, or Jones increase as they will,
Believe me that Smith will outnumber them still.

GENTLEMEN, I am proud of being an original. Smith—not a Smithe, nor a Smythe, but a regular, natural, original S-m-i-t-h, Smith. Putting a *y* in the middle or an *e* at the end, won't do, gentlemen. Who ever heard of a great man by the name of S-m-y-t-h or S-m-i-t-h-e. Echo answers who, and everybody answers nobody. But as for Smith—plain S-m-i-t-h, Smith—why the pillars of fame are covered with that honored and revered name. Who wore the most racy, witty, and popular authors of this century ? Albert and John Smith. Who the most original, pithy and humorous preacher ? Rev. Sidney Smith. To go further back, who was the boldest and bravest soldier in Sumter's army in the Revolution ? Smith. Who palavered with Powhatan, gallanted with Pocahontas, and became the ancestor of the first families of Virginia ? Smith again,

And who, I ask, and I ask the question seriously and soberly—who, I say, is that man, and what is his name, who has fought the most battles, made the most speeches, preached the most sermons, held the most offices, sung the most songs, written the most poems, courted the most women, kissed the most girls, ran away with the most wives, and married the

most widows? History says, you say, I say, and everybody says, John Smith. To go back still further, the Scripture speaks of one Alexander, the Copper Smith. Further back still, we read of Tubal Cain, who was an artificer in brass and iron. He must undoubtedly have been a Black-Smith. And I have no doubt, gentlemen, that the great progenitor of our race would have been called Smith, if his name hadn't been Adam.

Long live the Smiths—John Smith, Jim Smith, William Smith and Ann Smith. Long live blacksmith, goldsmith, coppersmith and locksmith! When they cease to beat and fume and blow, you may take in your sign and say earth's show is done.

HALF WAY DOIN'S.

IRWIN RUSSELL.

BELUBBED fellow trabelers : In holdin' forth to-day,
I doesn't quote no special verse for what I has to say ;
De sermon will be berry short, and dis here am the tex' :
Dat "half way doin's ain't no 'count for dis worl' or de
nex'."

Dis wor'l dat we's a libbin' in is like a cotton row,
Whar ebery cullud gentleman has got his line to hoe ;
And ebery time a lazy nigger stops to take a nap,
De grass keeps on a-growin' for to smudder up his crap.

When Moses led de Jews acrost de waters ob de sea,
Dey had to keep agoin', jes' as fas' as fas' could be ;
Do you s'pose dat dey could eber hab succeeded in deir wish,
And reached de Promised Land at last, if dey had stopped to
fish?

My frien's dar was a garden once, whar Adum libed wid Eve,
Wid no one 'round to bodder dem, no neighbors for to thieve,
And ebery day was Christmas, and dey got deir rations free,
And eberyting belonged to them except an apple tree.

You all know 'bout de story—how de snake come snoopin' roun'—

A stump tail rusty moccasin, crawlin on the groun'—
How Eve and Adam ate de fruit, and went and hid deir face,
Till de angel oberseer he come and drove 'em off de place.

Now, s'pose dat man and 'ooman hadn't 'tempted for to shirk,
But had gone about deir gardenin', and 'tended to deir work,
Dey wouldn't hab been loafin' whar dey had no business to,
And de debbil nebber'd got a chance to tell 'em what to do.

No half way doin's, bredren ! It'll neber do, I say !
Go at your task and finish it, and den's de time to play—
For even if de crap is good de rain'll spoil de bolls,
Unless you keep a pickin' in de garden ob your souls.

Keep a ploughin' and a hoein', and a scrapin' ob de rows,
And when de ginnin's ober you can pay up what you owes ;
But if you quits a workin' ebery time de sun is hot,
De sheriff's gwine to lebbby upon eberyting you's got.

Whateber 'tis your dribin' at, be shore and drike it through,
And don't let nuffin' stop you, but do what you's gwine to do;
For when 'you sees a nigger foolin', den, as shore's you're born,

You's gwine to see him comin' out de small end ob he horn.

I thanks for de 'tention you has gib dis afternoon ;
Sister Williams will oblige us by a raisin ob a tune.
I see dat Brudder Johnson's 'bout to pass aroun' de hat.
And don't let's hab no half way doin's when it comes to dat !

SPEAKING FOR THE SHERIFF.

S. STUBBS.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :—I am a candidate for the office of Sheriff, and I appear before you to prefer my claims to that responsible office.

I am a modest man—which is saying much, in these days of impudence and roguery.

I am content to be just what I am, and that is more than people in general can say, for this world is so given to dummery and show that almost everybody is a humbug. I am none of that.

I can read, write and cipher, which is more than many a voter can do.

I am polite, which is a desirable quality in a Sheriff. In a legislator it don't matter so much : and a Congressman may be a boor *after* he gets in office, but a Sheriff should be a polite man, for his duty is none of the pleasantest. To arrest a man for murder and not hurt his feelings, is the essence of politeness, and that I think I can do.

I am not a married man, and this is a prime consideration in a Sheriff, for then his feelings are more likely to be subordinated to his duty. A married man has too many little affections for that office ; only a bachelor is fit to be Sheriff.

I am able to pay my own bills. It is the custom, you know, for candidates to dead-head on their friends for food and lodging, and for money to carry on the canvass ; but, I'm not of the beggar tribe. I am able, I repeat, to pay my own way, which fact alone ought to commend me to your confidence.

I'll save the public money by charging no more fees than the law allows ; I'll rob no man of his estate by levying on a whole farm to pay a petty debt. This is a great departure, I am aware, from the usual rule ; but, it's *my* way of doing business, if I am to be Sheriff.

You can all do as you please, fellow-citizens, about voting for me. I shall not feel obliged to a voter and forever bound to favor him just because he has voted for me. I want no man's support who considers it a great favor to me. I know this is not the usual way for office-seekers to talk, but, as I have some self-respect yet left, I propose to exercise it, in and out of office. If I am fit for the trust, elect me ; if I am not fit, defeat me. That is all I have to say.

VILLAGE SEWING SOCIETY.

ANONYMOUS.

“ Mis’ JONES is late agen to-day ;
 I’d be ashamed, now, ef ’twas me.
 Don’t tell it, but I’ve heerd folks say
 She only comes to get her tea.

“ Law me ! she needn’t want it *here*,
 The deacon’s folks ain’t much on eatin’ ;
 They haven’t made a pie this year ;
 Of course ’twont do to be repeatin’ ;

“ But old Mis’ Jenkins says it’s true
 (You know she lives just ’cross the way,
 And sees most everything they do),
 She says she saw ’em t’other day ”—

“ Hush, here comes Hannah ! How d’ye do ?
 Why, what a pretty dress you’ve got !
 (Her old merino made up new ;
 I know it by that faded spot.”)

“ Jest look ! there’s Doctor Stebbins’ wife—
 A bran-new dress and bunnit !—well—
 They say she leads him *such* a life !
 But there ! I promised not to tell.

“ What’s that, Mis’ Brown ? ‘ *All friends*,’ of course
 And you can see with your own eyes
 That *that* gray mare’s the better horse ;
 Though gossipin’ I do despise.

“ Poor Mary Allen’s lost her beau—
 It serves her right, conceited thing !
 She flirted awfully, I know,
 So , have you heard she kept his ring ?

“ Listen ! the clock is striking six.
 Thank goodness ! then it’s time for tea,

Now ain't that too much? Abbey Mix
Has folded up her work! Just see!

"Why *can't* she wait until she's told?
Yes, thank you, deacon, here we come.
(I hope the biscuits won't be cold.
No coffee? Wish I was to hum!)

"Do tell, Mis' Ellis! *Did* you make
This cheese? the best I ever saw.
Such jumbles, too (no jelly cake);
I'm quite ashamed to take one more!

"Good-bye; we've had a first-rate time,
And first-rate tea, I must declare.
Mis' Ellis' things are always prime.
(Well, next week's meetin' won't be *there*.")

HOW MOTHER DID IT.

ANONYMOUS.

IF we were to suggest one thing which, above all other things combined, would most contribute to the happiness of the young housekeeper, it would be to learn how to cook as a husband's mother cooked. Mother used to make coffee so and so! Mother used to have such waffles! and mother knew just how thick or how thin to make a squash-pie! And, O, if I could only taste of mother's biscuit! Such are the comments of the husband, and of too many meal-tables. It would be only a little more cruel for the husband to throw his fork across the table, or to dash the contents of his teacup in his wife's face. The experience of a contrite husband is good reading for those men whose daily sauce is "How mother did it." He says:

"I found fault, some time ago, with Maria Ann's custard-pie, and tried to tell her how my mother made custard-pie. Maria made the pie after my recipe. It lasted longer than any other pie we ever had. Maria set it on the table every

day for dinner ; and you see I could not eat it, because I forgot to tell her to put in any eggs or shortening. It was economical : but in a fit of generosity I stole it from the pantry and gave it to a poor little boy in the neighborhood. The boy's funeral was largely attended by his former playmates. I did not go myself.

"Then there were the buckwheat cakes. I told Maria Ann any fool could beat her making those cakes ; and she said I had better try it. So I did. I emptied the batter all out of the pitcher one evening and set the cakes myself. I got the flour and the salt and water ; and, warned by the past, put in a liberal quantity of eggs and shortening. I shortened with tallow from roast-beef, because I could not find any lard. The batter did not look right, and I lit my pipe and pondered. Yeast, yeast to be sure. I had forgotten the yeast. I went and woke up the baker, and got six cents' worth of yeast. I set the pitcher behind the sitting room stove and went to bed.

"In the morning I got up early and prepared to enjoy my triumph ; but I didn't. That yeast was strong enough to raise the dead, and the batter was running all over the carpet. I scraped it up and put it into another dish. Then I got a fire in the kitchen and put on the griddle. The first lot of cakes stuck to the griddle. The second dittoed, only more. Maria came down and asked me what was burning. She advised me to grease the griddle. I did it. One end of the griddle got too hot, and I dropped the thing on my tenderest corn while trying to turn it around.

"Finally the cakes were ready for breakfast, and Maria got the other things ready. We sat down. My cakes did not have exactly the right flavor. I took one mouthful, and it satisfied me. I lost my appetite at once. Maria would not let me put one on her plate. I think those cakes may be reckoned a dead loss. The cat would not eat them. The dog ran off and stayed away three days after one was offered to him. The hens wouldn't go within ten feet of them. I threw them into the back yard, and there has not been a pig on the premises since. I eat what is put before me now, and do not allude to my mother's system of cooking."

APPLES AND THEIR APPLICATION.

FAT CONTRIBUTOR.

IF this isn't an Agricultural Show it is a proper occasion to discourse of the fruit that Eve played off on Adam and thus kept us all out of Paradise. It's a great satisfaction to know that Eve didn't know what she was about, for it proves that women *don't* know everything, no matter what they pretend; and it's a great satisfaction, too, to know, that Adam was fool enough to take a bite, since Eve had done so before him, for, what a miserable fix this world would have been in if Adam had been gruff and growly, and so ungallant as to refuse an apple from Eve's beautiful hands! The idea of we men going it alone, in any Paradise, is too monstrous. A great Paradise it would be without women!

So, we are free to confess that apples are a celestial fruit even if Satan did deal in it, and never refuse to talk or eat when apples is up for consideration.

There were twenty-two varieties of apples known to the Romans, at the time that Pliny wrote, and there are over two hundred varieties known to us at this writing.

Besides the list of apples found in horticultural works, there are several other kinds not enumerated there. There are the Dead Sea apples, that are said to look fresh and inviting without, but turn to dust as you attempt to quarter and core them. They are a species of *dried* apples not quoted in the market reports. There is the apple in the throat, sometimes called "Adam's apple," the apple of the eye, the apple-*plexy*, etc.

Then we have the "golden apples of Hesperides," to secure which was one of the "twelve labors of Hercules" enjoined upon that classic athlete through the hostility of "cruel Juno." Hercules, remember, was the son of Jupiter, that mighty son of thunder, but his mother, being a daughter of Earth, Juno (Mrs. Hercules) was *for* *ninst* him from birth. The golden apples were a present to Juno at her wedding, from the goddess of the Earth, whose situation, by the way, has since been filled with distinguished ability by the "God-

dess of Liberty," a central figure at all patriotic demonstrations.

These apples Juno had intrusted to the keeping of the daughters of Hesperis, ably assisted by a horrid dragon. The poets, led by the analogy of the lovely appearance of the western sky at sunset, viewed the West as a region of brightness and glory, hence it was there they placed the "Isle of the Hesperides." Their home was on the setting sun !

But Hercules didn't know this, not being a reader of the poets. He sought out Atlas, the father of the Hesperides, condemned by the gods to support the weight of the heavens upon his shoulders, and offered to assume the burden himself.

Atlas would seek the apples and deliver them to him. Atlas, being naturally well posted in geography, from which he is rarely separated, soon found the Hesperian Isle—"struck *ile*," as you might say—made his girls give up the apples, under a pretense of exhibiting them at the Horticultural Fair at the "Rink," and delivered them to Hercules.

While an apple produced the first domestic difficulty on record, it was also the cause of the Trojan war, without which Homer and Virgil would have had no theme adequate for their quills.

Thus it occurred. Eriz, the Goddess of Discord, enraged because she was not invited to a certain wedding attended by all the other members of the celestial family, threw a golden apple among the guests, inscribed "For the fairest." Juno, Venus and Minerva claimed it ; which, on the part of Minerva, was stated by the papers of the day to be the most foolish act of her life, for, like most wise virgins, although she had oil in her lamp, she wasn't "pooty."

The decision being left to Paris, a shepherd on Mount Ida, though son of the king of Troy, he decided in favor of Venus, she having promised him the most beautiful woman in the world for a wife—and we may add that a handsome woman has had the inside track in the race ever since.

Paris went to Greece, where he was hospitably received by Menelaus, King of Sparta, returning his hospitality, as is often the case, by running away with his wife, the fair Helen.

Menelaus, after advertising her in the Sparta Gazette as having left his bed and board, and warning people not to trust her on his account, got up an expedition and sailed for Troy, where the guilty party had fled, for the purpose of recovering his wife, together with damages. The ten years' war that followed, ending in the downfall of Troy, is well known.

SALLY HAYES.

ANONYMOUS.

A GOSSIPING spinster was old Sally Hayes,
Who ne'er saw in any one aught she could praise
From early in life to the end of her days.
No matter how good or how great was a man,
Whether reared in America, France, or Japan,
To censure, not praise him, was ever her plan.
Where Sally resided she made it her trade
To know if the bills of her neighbors were paid,
And who all the rules of the Bible obeyed.
Joy never illumined her sharp ugly face
Except when some one who stood high in the place
Had by a false step fallen into disgrace.
The star of a scion to quickly decline,
The fall of some maiden while heated by wine,
Would cause her such rapture no pen could define.
Detaining each person who passed by her door,
By numberless questions an hour or more,
Of the news of the town she kept a full store.
For none who pass by were sufficiently bold
To step e'en their feet over the slimy threshold
Of this wretched old jade of whom I have told.
So Sally had made it an every-day rule
To quiz e'en the children who pass by the school,
Not even forgetting one poor little fool.
"Ah, what is the news?" she beseechingly asked
Of Joe Look, a wag, who her domicile passed
On the day that is known as an Annual Fast.

“ Did you know,” replied Joe, “ that Mr. Defife
Hurled a knife at the face of Anna, his wife,
Which cut a deep gash and endangered her life ?”
“ Why, no,” she exclaimed, seemingly greatly amazed,
And as to the blue sky her gray eyes she raised,
Her heart seemed to say, For this heaven be praised;
For joy ne’er illumined her sharp, ugly face
Except when some one who stood bright in the place,
Had by a misstep fallen into disgrace.
The star of a scion to quickly decline,
The fall of some maiden while heated by wine
Would cause her such rapture no pen could define.
“ Will it sear her fair face ?” Sally asked with a smile,
“ And think you that she a petition will file
To be rid of Defife, so brutally vile ?”
Joe said, as he felt a slight pang of remorse,
“ I hardly believe she will seek a divorce
From a man who is kind e’en unto his horse.”
“ Why did you not tell me that Mr. Defife
Hurled a knife at the face of Anna, his wife,
“ Which cut a deep gash and endangered her life ?”
“ I did, but it happened, so I have been told,
When they were mere children—scarce seven years old,
Ha ! ha ! Sally Hayes, ha ! ha ! you are sold.”

NOBODY.

If nobody’s noticed you, you must be small ;
If nobody’s slighted you, you must be tall ;
If nobody’s bowed to you, you must be low ;
If nobody’s kissed you, you’re ugly we know ;
If nobody’s envied you, you’re a poor elf ;
If nobody’s flattered you, flatter yourself ;
If nobody’s cheated you, you are a knave ;
If nobody’s hated you, you are a slave ;
If nobody’s called you a “ fool ” to your face,
Somebody’s wished for your back in its place ;

If nobody's called you a "tyrant" or "scold,"
 Somebody thinks you of spiritless mould ;
 If nobody knows of your faults but "a friend,"
 Nobody'll miss them at the world's end ;
 If nobody clings to your purse like a fawn,
 Nobody'll run like a hound when it's gone ;
 If nobody's eaten his bread from your store,
 Nobody'll call you a "miserly bore ;"
 If nobody's slandered you—here is our pen—
 Sign yourself NOBODY, quick as you can.

"WHY IS HE AN ACTOR?"

HE is an actor simply because it is beyond his power to be otherwise. He would not make a merchant, nor a physician, nor farmer—would make absolutely nothing but what he is—good or bad, an actor. His sensibilities, his mind, his nature, drive him to that profession. It is not the love of gain, the desire for fame ; the ambition for honor—it is simply his want of power to resist the influences that urge him to the exciting, precarious life of the stage. An actor is a man governed not by one directing influence, but by many. He is too reckless to listen to the whispers of prudence ; he is too careless and indifferant to methodically seek the road to wealth. He is sympathetic, for he has felt its necessity. He is the creature of the present, realizing his mimicry on the stage. He is a pauper to-day, a very lord to-morrow. To-day he labors assiduously, industriously, recklessly—as recklessly as he does all other things. To-morrow he forgets that he ever knew labor or privation. Too generous to hoard, too extravagant to think, he lavishes his means as freely and easily as he acquires it. He is never despondent, never doubtful. The future always hold out to him its bright assurances. Anticipation beckons him smilingly on—the same fate that cruelly thrusts him back to-day, will benignly elevate him to-morrow. His spirits are ever elastic, his hopes ever buoyant. Prodigal and wasteful, he is as imprudent and improvident as

a child ; yet labors earnestly and well when occasion requires it. He has no thought beyond the present—his directing judgment is an impulse only. He would not make a minister ; he is not serious enough, his mind could not bend itself to listen calmly to the pleadings of a conscience-stricken soul. He would not make a physician ; his sympathy is too highly wrought to resist the deleterious appeals, the yielding to which would produce only injury. He would not make a merchant ; he is too reckless, too indifferent to study wealth, and behind the banker's desk would chafe with restraint like a confined lion. He is too unstable in his labor to till the soil. He is fit for nothing but what he is—an actor ; a profession that gives scope to his various and varying excitements ; a profession that feeds and fosters his volatile sensibilities, that satiates and subdues his restless, fickle passion. He is not an actor by choice—he is but a passive creature yielding to the power of his transient impressions. He has not chosen his profession—nature has chosen that, and that has chosen him.

WHAT IS A BACHELOR LIKE ?

WHAT is a bachelor like ?
 A man without a home and wife.
 Why, a pump without a handle,
 A mouldy tallow candle !
 A goose that's lost his fellows,
 A useless pair of bellows,
 A horse without a saddle,
 A boat without a paddle ;
 A mule—a fool !
 A two-legged stool !
 A pest—a jest !
 Dreary—weary—
 Contrary—unchary—
 A fish without a tail,
 A ship without a sail,
 A legless pair of tongs,

A fork without its prongs,
A clock without a face—
A pig that's out of place !
A bootless leg—an addled egg !
A stupid flat—a crownless hat ;
A pair of breeches wanting stitches ;
A chattering ape—coat minus cape !
A quacking duck—wanting pluck ;
A gabbling goose—mad dog let loose !

A boot without a sole,
Or a cracked and leaky bowl,
Or a fiddle without a string,
Or a bee without its sting,
Or a bat—or a sprat,
Or a cat—or a hen,
Or a rat—or a wren,
Or a gnat—or a pig in a pen !
Or a thrush that will not sing,
Or a bell that will not ring !
Or a penny that " won't go !"
Or a herring without salt !
Or a monkey—or a donkey !
Or a surly dog tied to a log !
Or a frog in a bog !
Or a fly in a mug !
Or a bug in a rug !
Or a bee—or a flea—
Or a last year's pea—
Or a figure 3 !

Like a bell without a tongue,
Like a barrel without a bung,
Like a whale—like a snail—
Like an owl—like a fowl—
Like a priest without his cowl !
Like a midnight ghoul !
Like a gnome in his cell—
Like a clapperless bell—
Like a man down a well !
He's a poor forsaken gander,

Choosing lonely thus to wander !
He's like a walking stick, or satchel, or—
But to be plain,
And end my strain,
He's like naught but—a bachelor !

THE WANTS OF THE AGES.

It is a man's destiny still to be longing for something, and the gratification of one set of wishes but prepares the unsatisfied soul for the conception of another. The child of a year old wants little but food and sleep ; and no sooner is he supplied with sufficient allowance of either of those very excellent things, than he begins whimpering or yelling it, may be for the other. At three, the young urchin becomes enamoured of sugarplums, apple pies, and confectionery. At six, his imagination runs on kites, marbles, and tops, and an abundance of playtime. At ten, the boy wants to leave school, and have nothing to do but go birdnesting and blackberry hunting. At fifteen he wants a beard and a watch, and a pair of boots. At twenty he wishes to cut a figure and ride horses ; sometimes his thirst for display breaks out in dandyism, and sometimes in poetry ; he wants sadly to be in love, and takes it for granted that all the ladies are dying for him. The young man of twenty-five wants a wife ; and at thirty he longs to be single again. From thirty to forty he wants to be rich, and thinks more of making money than spending it. About this time, also, he dabbles in politics and wants office. At fifty, he wants excellent dinners and capital wine, and considers a nap in the afternoon indispensable. The respectable old gentleman of sixty wants to retire from business with a snug independence of three or four hundred thousands, to marry his daughters, set up his sons, and live in the country ; and then for the rest of his life he wants to be young again.

DERMOT O'DOWD.

LOVER.

WHEN Dermot O'Dowd coorted Molly McCann,
They were as sweet as the honey and as soft as the down,
But when they were wed they began to find out
That Dermot could storm, and that Molly could frown ;
They would neither give in—so the neighbors gave out—
Both were hot, till a coldness came over the two,
And Molly would fluster, and Dermot would bluster—
Stamp holes in the flure, and cry out “ *Weirasthru !*

Oh, murther ! I'm married !
I wish I had tarried ;
I'm sleepless and speechless—no word can I say ;
My bed is no use—
I'll give back to the goose
The feathers I pluck'd on last Michaelmas Day.”

“ Ah,” says Molly, “ you once used to call me a bird.”
“ Faix, you're ready enough still to fly out,” says he.
“ You said then my eyes were as bright as the skies,
And my lips like the rose—now no longer like me.”
Says Dermot, “ Your eyes are as bright as the morn,
But your frown is as black as a big thunder cloud ;
If your lip is a rose, faith your tongue is a thorn
That sticks in the heart of poor Dermot O'Dowd.”
Says Molly, “ You once said my voice was a thrush,
But now it's a rusty old hinge with a creak.”
Says Dermot, “ You called me a duck when I coorted,
But now I'm a goose every day in the week ;
But all husbands are geese, though our pride it may shock,
From the first 'twas ordained so by Nature, I fear ;
Ould Adam himself was the first of the flock,
And Eve, with her apple sauce, cook'd him, my dear.”

A HARD-SHELL SERMON.

A. GREENY.

"And he passed on to Shun'em."

THE words of my text, my hearers, you will find in II Kings, iv. chapter, and — verse: *"And he passed on to Shun'em."*

Take to heart the lesson your text teaches, and when temptations try you, and evils lie in wait to insnare you, "pass on to shun'em."

When you see men of wrath fighting and breaking heads and sticks, and hear them cursing and swearing, mind the words of the text, and "pass on to Shun'em."

And oh, my hearers, if you should come into our little town and behold a row of nice little offices with tin signs on the doors of each, and hear men talking of attachments without affection, and sequestrations without quiet-ah—and seize yours and never theirs-ah—it will be to your profit to mind the words of the prophet, and "pass on to Shun'em."

And if you go round where the merchants are-ah—and they rush out to shake hands with you, and are especially anxious to learn the condition of your wife's health and the children's, and the worms and the crops, and offer to sell you a little bill of goods a good deal lower than their cost, on account of their love for you and for each-ah—"pass on to Shun'em."

And if you should happen to go round the corner and see men drinking beer, that will bring them to a bier, and gin-sling-down the strongest, and smashes that will smash a man's fortune faster than commission merchants who advanced supplies on the last crop-ah—oh, "pass on to Shun'em."

But oh! my hearers! if you should go down to New York—that modern Sodom and Gomorrah-ah—and when the gas-lights are flashing and glimmering, and the cabs are dashing along the street, and obliging drivers are offering to carry you where only steamboat captains and the first gentlemen go-ah—and Broadway is on a rip and a roar-ah—and the brass bands are crashing music from the balconies, and men in little holes are ready to sell you tickets to go in and see

the Black Crook dance with nothing to wear—and make spectacles of themselves—ah—oh, my friends, “pass on to Shun’em.”

And oh ! if later in the evening, with a very particular friend, you go up stairs into most splendidly-furnished rooms—ah—and see the supper-table spread with delicacies from every country—and tea, ducks and snipe, and yaller-legged pheasants, and all that fish, flesh and fowls can afford—and champagne and brandy and Burgundy and Chateau Lafitte older than Waterloo—and nothing to pay and all free—and a nice gentleman with rings on his fingers, and a diamond breast-pin, playing with little spotted pasteboards, and another turning a machine and dropping in a little ball that rolls round and round and stops sometimes on the eagle-bird and oftener don’t—and where the players generally put down more than they take up—and men sometimes win but mostly dont—ah—oh, “pass on to Shun’em.”

And in conclusion, my friends, when the world, the flesh and the devil—ah—lie in wait for you, “pass on to Shun’em.”

HOW UB VAS DOT FOR HIGH ?

OOFTY GOOFT.

DERE vas von dime a leedle olt Gwaker
 Dot leefed in a blace by der name of Jeemaker,
 Und he made up his mind he vood wrode for der baper,
 So he did, und dot’s bully of him.

He vent in der house und he sid down von nighd
 For to made ub his mind und dought vat to wride,
 Ven der vind dot plowed in und dot pud oud der lighd,
 Und dot made gwide grankey, I bed you.

Der Gwaker he owed such a nine dollar node
 To a German from Brussia, von Beder Gabode,
 Und he vent by der door as der lighd oud vas plowed,
 Und der Gwaker dinked Bede was der plowisd.

Bede didn't vas vorking dot fine afdernoon
 He vas blaying "seven oud" in a lager saloon,
 Ven he vent by der Gwaker's he vissled der dune
 Of "Dot Gal as lif's der way ofer."

Dot Gwaker vas mat und he shweared like der doose,
 Und he called dot poor Bedey a blame "Gosling's Goose ;"
 Und said :—He vood bead him glean oud of his shoes
 Of he didn'd valk off on his ear vonce !"

Bud Bede didn'd vent—he shdood shdill like a log,
 Und der Gwaker shwelled ub mit mout like a frog
 He vas just boud der same like a leedle Shblitz dog
 Ven he gots such a vild hyderfoby.

He jumbed und he shweared, und he made such a din,
 Vas going to bull Bedey glean out of his shkin,
 Und oh ! vat a biggle der Gwaker vas in—
 Dey dinked sure dot he vill vent grazy.

A boleesesman habbened to come righd along,
 Und he shbied der olt Gwaker a going id shdrong,
 So he made oud his mind dot boor Bedey vas wrong
 Und he vent und he snadched him paid-headed.

He marched Misder Bedey, I dink boud a mile,
 In frond of der Judge, who, mit many a shmile,
 Gifed Bedey dwelf days on dot bewdiffele isle
 Dot is flooding oud in der Easd Rifer.

Der Gwaker vent home und he finished his wride,
 Mitoud gidding in drouple some more mit his lighd,
 Und ven dot comed oud in der baper next nighd
 Mosd efryvon said, "Aind dot shblendid ?"

He took for his supjeck a ding dot's quide new,
 Und von dot der vorld dot aind seldom shduck to ;
 Id vas :—"Do by your naybor like he dowes mit you,"
 Ven he dowes vat ye call "on der lefel."

Dere's a moral in dis leedle shdory, I'fe said ;
 Dot's of you kin got juld vonce drough your head—
 Of you don't kin, vy, vaid dill dot Oofy vas dead,
 Und den may be he'll come und oxblain it.

PAT'S LETTER.

WELL, Mary, me darlint, I'm landed at last,
 And troth, though they tell me the st'amer was fast,
 It sames as if years upon years had gone by
 Since Paddy looked intill yer beautiful eye !
 For Amerikay, darlint—ye'll think it is quare—
 Is twinty times funder than Cork from Kildare ;
 And the say is that broad, and the waves are that high,
 Ye're tossed like a fut-ball 'twixt wather and shky ;
 And ye fale like a pratie just burstin' the shkin,
 That all ye can do is to howld yersilf in.
 Ochone ! but, me jewel, the say may be grand :
 But, when ye come over, dear, *travel by land !*

It's a wondherful country, this—so I am towld—
 They'll not look at guineas, so chape is the gowld :
 And the three that poor mother sewed into my coat
 I sowld for a thrifle, on l'aving the boat.
 And the quarest of fashions ye iver have seen !
 They pay ye with picters all painted in green.
 And the crowds that are rushing here, morning and night,
 Would make the lord-lieutenant shake with the fright.
 The strates are that full that there's no one can pass,
 And the only law is, " Do not thread on the grass."
 Their grass is the quarest of shows—by me vow—
 For it wouldn't be munched by a Candlemas cow.

Tell father I wint, as he bid me, to see
 His friend, Tim O'Shannon, from Killycaughnee.
 It's rowling in riches O'Shannon is now,
 With a wife and tin babies, six pigs and a cow,

In a nate little house, standing down from the strate,
 With two beautiful rooms, and a pig-sty complate.
 I thought of ye, darlint, and dramed such a drame!
 That mebbe, some day, we'd be living the same;
 Though, troth, Tim O'Shannon's wife niver could dare
 (Poor yaller-skinned crayther) with you to compare;
 While, as for the pigs, shure 'twas aisy to see
 The bastes were not mint for this land of the free.

I think of ye, darlint, from morning till night;
 And when I'm not thinking ye're still in me sight!
 I see your blue eyes, with the sun in their glance—
 Your smile in the meadow, your fut in the dance.
 I'll love ye, and thrust ye, both living and dead!
 (Let Phil Blake look out for his carroty head!)
 I'm working, acushla, for you—only you!
 And I'll make ye a lady yit, if ye'll be true;
 Though, troth, ye can't climb Fortune's laddher so quick,
 Whin both of your shouldhers are loaded with brick;
 But I'll do it—I declare it, by—this and by that—
 Which manes what I daren't say—from

Your own PAT.

THE "DEAD BEAT" IN POLITICS.

U. B. GREEN.

I stand before you, fellow-citizens, a candidate for your suffrages, for the high office of a seat or a bench in our legislative halls. The united voice of six men, to my certain knowledge, has proclaimed me the people's choice; and who can resist *such* a call? *Not I!*

If the men who have suffered for their country's sake are to be trusted and honored, then I have *several* and various claims on your hearts and hands. Did I not fly to arms, and become a quartermaster, when rebellion stalked through the land? You know I did! I left this neighborhood for the tented field, a poor man; I rode in a wagon, and dealt out supplies to hungry men through the Vicksburg campaign, and re-

turned home shaking with the ague, and was only just able to buy a farm that I had wanted for many a year.

(*Voice in audience* : " *Where did you get the money ?*")

It is astonishing what mean men there is in this world. Whose business is it *where* I got the money ? Didn't I feed the troops with fresh-beef and corn-coffee when others were serving out "old horse," as it was called, and burnt beans ? You know I did, you mean sneak !

(*Another voice* : " *How about old mule ?*")

I'll lick that chap, as sure as my name isn't Red-top Smith. ' Old mule, hey ? Who says I gathered in the dead mules, and sarved 'em out as fresh-beef, is a liar, and I can prove it, for I lived on that meat myself, for six days—

(*Another voice* : " *And very sick days they were, old fellow !*")

Well, whose business was that ? It cost you nothing for physic, and if I *did* have mule hides to sell, it was no sign that I skinned all the mules Grant would allow to drop out of his trains. No, sir ! I lived and suffered for my country, and merit the reward that ought to be conferred upon every man as does his duty in a time of public peril.

A legislator *ought* to be a man of experience, one who has not only seen much of the world, but who has—

(*A voice* : " *Run away with another man's wife !*")

May the eternal elements blast your picture, you flat-nosed vagabond ! No woman would run away with *you*, any more 'n she 'd eat a shunk's liver. Run away with another man's wife ? No, sir ! I never did that ! Oh, that one who had passed all through the perils of the Vicksburg campaign should return to the bosom of his constituents to be so maligned ! Oh, that—

(*Voice* : " *Dry up !*")

No, I won't dry up ! I'll have my rights, if I die for 'em, and I'll stand here until I gets them, too ; so *you* had better dry up, yourself.

Friends and fellow-citizens, I now call upon you to consider the great questions before the country involved in my election. I see before my mind's eye—

All the voices: "Money!" "Old mule!" "Another man's wife!" "Dry up!")

(Sighs) It's no use talkin' any more! There'll be four funerals in the town to-morrow, and after that comes the election. *(Stalks off the stage, beating the air with his fists.)*

THIN MAN FROM DAYTON.

ONE morning, soon after the eating stands on the Central Market had been thrown open to the maw of the hungry public, and while Mrs. Magruder was telling a small boy that she could hold up her hand and swear that she never used beans in her coffee, a stranger came along and asked if he could get a bit to eat. Mrs. Magruder has been on the market for many years, and she thinks she knows a thing or two. She has flattered herself that she could tell to a bite just how much a customer could eat, and she has for years, had an undisguised contempt for thin-bodied, spare-faced men, who try to chew their coffee and mince their toast.

This stranger was a little better than a six-foot shadow. His fore-ground consisted of a shirt-collar and a mouth as big as a mince-pie, and the perspective revealed nothing but two hollow eyes set below a thin line of sandy-eyebrows. He remarked that he had just arrived from Dayton, and was somewhat hungry, but wanted first to inquire how much his breakfast would cost him, as he was rather short of funds.

"Oh! I suppose you may be able to worry down six or seven cents' worth of provisions and a cup of coffee," she replied.

"Suppose you say twenty-five cents for all I want to eat?" he said, as the corners of his eyes began to twitch.

Mrs. Magruder looked him over and mentally calculated that she would make just thirteen cents by the bargain, and she replied:

"I must have my money in advance, you know."

"Oh, certainly—here it is. Now, then, I'm to eat my fill for the quarter?"

She said that was the understanding, and winked at the woman in the next stall. The thin man from Dayton doubled up on a stool, opened his mouth, and a fried sausage went out of sight so quickly that the last end seemed to smoke. A fried cake followed, then a second sausage, and after a gulp or two the man handed out his cup with the words :

“That tastes like real coffee—gimme some more.”

While she was filling the cup he got away with two hot biscuits and a slice of beef, and the coffee came just in time to wash down a hunk of mince pie. He could use both arms and his mouth at once, and he attended strictly to business. When Mrs. Magruder had filled the third cup her smile had quite vanished. She saw that she wouldn't come out even without resorting to strategy, and she began asking questions. The man answered none of them except by a mournful shake of the head. Crash ! crash ! went his jaws, and he reached out from the shoulder like clock work. Mrs. Magruder called his attention to a dog fight across the way, but he ate faster than ever. The bell struck 9, and she remarked that a big conflagration was raging at the Union depot, but the man did not raise his eyes.

When Mrs. Magruder discovered that she was at least six shillings behind, she said that she was a “poor widow with five children to support.”

“How I do pity you !” replied the man as he passed his cup with one hand and raked in a biscuit with the other.

Then Mrs. Magruder told a story about a man dropping dead on the market the day before on account of overeating, but the man got away with two fried cakes and replied :

“Curious how some folks will make hogs of themselves.”

At length Mrs. Magruder wanted to know how much longer he could stand 'it, and the thin man from Dayton gave her a reproachful glance and answered :

“Have I thus early fallen in with swindlers and falsifiers ?”

She let him go on for three or four minutes more, and then she hinted that a detective was prowling around there evidently “spotting” some one.

"If he'll only give me twenty-five minutes to finish my breakfast, he can take me and be hanged!" answered the man, and his arms worked faster than ever.

Mrs. Magruder was cornered. She laid his money down, and asked him for the sake of her poor orphans to move on and leave her at least one fried cake as a business foundation. He paused with his cup held out for the seventh time, and perhaps something in her tearful look reminded him of his poor dead mother, for he said:

"Well, I'm only human, and I admit that my heart is tender. I don't like to break off in the middle of my breakfast, but I'll take the money and move on for your children's sake."

He got up looking just as much like a lath as when he sat down, and when he was out of sight Mrs. Magruder turned to the desolate ruins and groaned out:

"I'll take my solemn oath if four dollars will make me good for this, and I must tell my husband that I fitted out a schooner on trust!"

THAT HIRED GIRL.

THE MINISTER'S RECEPTION ON HIS FIRST CALL IN HIS NEW PARISH.

WHEN she came to work for the family on Congress street, the lady in the house sat down and told her that agents, book-peddlers, hat-rack men, picture sellers, ash-buyers, ragmen, and all that class of people, must be met at the front door and coldly repulsed, and Sarah said she'd repulse them if she had to break every broomstick in Detroit.

And she did. She threw the door open wide, bluffed right up at 'em, and when she got through talking, the cheekiest agent was only too glad to leave. It got so after awhile that peddlers marked that house, and the door-bell never rang except for company.

The other day, as the girl of the house was wiping off the spoons, the bell rang. She hastened to the door, expecting to see a lady, but her eyes encountered a slim man, dressed in

black, and wearing a white necktie. He was the new minister, and was going around to get acquainted with the members of his flock, but Sarah wasn't expected to know this.

"Ah—um—is—Mrs.—ah!"

"Git!" exclaimed Sarah, pointing to the gate.

"Beg pardon, but I would like to see—see—"

"Meander!" she shouted, looking around for a weapon; "we don't want any flour-sifters here!"

"You're mistaken," he replied, smiling blandly. I called to—"

"Don't want anything to keep moths away—fly!" she exclaimed, getting red in the face.

"Is the lady in?" he inquired, trying to look over Sarah's head.

"Yes, the lady is in, and I'm in, and you are out!" she snapped; "and now I don't want to stand here talking to a fly-trap agent any longer! Come, lift your boots!"

"I'm not an agent," he said, trying to smile. "I'm the new—"

"Yes, I know you—you are the new man with the patent flat-iron, but we don't want any, and you'd better go before I call the dog!"

"Will you give the lady my card, and say that I called?"

"No I won't; we are bored to death with cards and handbills and circulars. Come, I can't stand here all day."

"Didn't you know that I was a minister?" he asked as he backed off.

"No, nor I don't know it now; you look like the man who sold the woman next door a dollar chromo for eighteen shillings."

"But here is my card."

"I don't care for cards, I tell you! If you leave that gate open I will have to fling a flower pot at you!"

"I will call again," he said, as he went through the gate.

"It won't do any good!" she shouted after him; "we don't want no prepared food for infants—no piano music—no stuffed birds! I know the policeman on this beat, and if you come around here again, he'll soon find out whether you are a confidence man or a vagrant!"

And she took unusual care to lock the door.

LOVE AND MURDER.

IN Manchester a maiden dwelt,
Her name was Phœbe Brown ;
Her cheeks were red, her hair was black,
And she was considered by good judges to be
by all odds the best-looking girl in town.

Her age was nearly seventeen,
Her eyes were sparkling bright ;
A very lovely girl she was,
And for about a year and a half there had been
a young man paying his attention to her, by the name of
Reuben Wright.

Now Reuben was a nice young man
As any in the town,
And Phœbe loved him very dear,
But on account of his being obliged to work for
a living, he never could make himself agreeable to old Mr.
and Mrs. Brown.

Her parents were resolved
Another she should wed,—
A rich old miser in the place,—
And old Brown frequently declared, that rather
than have his daughter marry Reuben Wright, he'd sooner
knock him in the head.

But Phœbe's heart was brave and strong,
She feared not her parents' frowns ;
And as for Reuben Wright, so bold,
I've heard him say more than fifty times that
(with the exception of Phœbe) he didn't care a cent for the
whole race of Browns.

So Phœbe Brown and Reuben Wright
Determined they would marry ;
Three weeks ago last Tuesday night,
They started for old Parson Webster's, deter-
mined to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony, though
it was tremendous dark, and rained like the old Harry.

But Captain Brown was wide awake,
 He loaded up his gun,
 And then pursued the loving pair ;
 He overtook 'em when they 'd got about half way
 to the parson's, and then Reuben and Phoebe started off upon
 the run.

Old Brown then took a deadly aim
 Toward young Reuben's head,
 But, oh ! it was a bleeding shame,
 He make a mistake, and shot his only daughter,
 and had the unspeakable anguish of seeing her drop right
 down stone dead.

Then anguish filled young Reuben's heart
 And vengeance crazed his brain,
 He drew an awful jack-knife out,
 And plunged it into old Brown, about fifty or
 sixty times, so that it's very doubtful about his ever coming
 too.

The briny drops from Reuben's eyes
 In torrents poured down,—
 And in this melancholy and heart rending manner
 terminates the history of Reuben and Phoebe, and likewise old
 Captain Brown.

FEMALE TENDERNESS.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

I was one of a party of five in the inside of a stagecoach :
 among whom were a jolly butcher, and an elderly maiden lady
 in green spectacles.

At a stopping place the coachman was regaling himself
 with some foaming ale, when he was accosted by an official
 looking personage ; and some whispers passed, from which I
 learned that a convict was about to be forwarded to the next
 seaport. The coachman, however, to do him justice,

softened the matter to the passengers with all possible skill.

"If you please, ma'am and gemmen, I wants to make room here for an individual."

"Is he a gentleman, coachman? and has he any pipe?" asked the lady in green spectacles.

"Quite a gentleman, ma'am, and not a morsel of backey about him; and what's more, hasn't a ha'penny to buy a bit."

"Why, who is he? he has not much the cut of a gentleman! where's he bound for?"

"Why, he's going out of the country on the service of government."

"On the service of government!—a scientific man, doubtless? What does he know? chemistry or geology? or is he acquainted with *botany*?"

"Why, not yet, ma'am—though that's what he's going for. The fact is, ma'am—"

"Now no nonsense, coachman," says the butcher, "is he not a convict?"

"Why that's what the unfeeling calls 'em, but we as have pity says, unfortunate."

"Pho! pho! why, he has the gallows in his face!"

"Yes, sir; and now he's worn irons, he's got a *newgate* in his legs."

"Oh, I can't admit a felon; I shall leave the coach!"

"Lord bless you, ma'am! he isn't a felon,—he's only found guilty of burglarly!"

"Burglarly! O—What! Ride with a burglar? I wouldn't for the world. I will leave the coach!"

"Don't do that, ma'am—there's no occasion; the poor fellow says, to make him himself agreeable, he'll wear handcuffs for the rest of the journey."

"But burglarly! he has committed burglarly, Mr. Coachman! I wouldn't ride with him for the world!"

"Burglarly! who said burglarly? I said *bigamy*,—bigamy ma'am,—he's transported for marrying seven wives!"

"Seven wives! Poor fellow! let him come in!"

THE MENAGERIE

HONEYWELL.

DID you ever ? No, I never !
 Mercy on us, what a smell !
 Don't be frightened, Johnny dear !
 Gracious ! how the jackalls yell.
 Mother, tell me what's the man
 Doing with that pole of his ?
 Bless your little precious heart.
 He's stirring up the beastesses !

Children, don't you go so near !
 Hevings ! there's the Afric cownses !
 What's the matter with the child ?
 Why, the monkey's tore his trowsers !
 Here's the monstrous elephant—
 I'm all a-tremble at the sight ;
 See his monstrous toothpick, boys—
 Wonder if he's fastened tight ?

There's the lion ! see his tail !
 How he drags it on the floor !
 'Sakes alive ! I'm awful scared
 To hear the horrid creatures roar !
 Here's the monkeys in their cage,
 Wide awake you are to see 'em ;
 Funny, ain't it ? How would you
 Like to have a tail and be 'em ?

Johnny, darling, that's the bear
 That tore the naughty boys to pieces.
 Horned cattle ! only hear
 How the dreadful camel wheezes !
 That's the tall giraffe, my boy
 Who stoops to hear the morning lark ;
 'Twas him who waded Noah's flood,
 And scorned the refuge of the ark.

Here's the crane—the awkward bird !
Strong his neck is as a whaler's,
And his bill is full as long
As ever met one from the tailor's.
Look ! just see the zebra there !
Standing safe behind the bars :
Goodness me ! how like a flag,
All except the corner stars !

There's the bell ! the birds and beasts
Now are going to be fed ;
So, my little darlings, come,
It's time for you to be a-bed.
“ Mother, 'tishn't nine o'clock !
You said we needn't go before ;
Let us stay a little while—
Want to see the monkeys more ! ”

Cries the showman, “ Turn 'em out !
Dim the lights ! there, that will do ;
Come again to-morrow, boys ;
Bring your little sisters, too.”
Exit mother, half distraught,
Exit father, muttering “ Bore ! ”
Exit children, blubbing still,
“ Want to see the monkeys more ! ”

BOYS' RIGHTS.

BY ONE OF 'EM.

'TALK about the women and darkeys and the—the—all the rest of 'em ; none of 'em all are half so badly used as the boys are. I know a lot and can give you all their names. Ask 'em all. They'll tell you to be a boy is to be somebody without a right in the world.

You're to take all the sass that's given to you and give none back, 'cause you're a boy. You are to pay full fare in

the cars and omnibusses, 'cause you're a boy, and not a child, and never have a seat, because you're a boy and not a man. Fat lady gets in after it's all full, and looks about her; everybody looks at you. Old gentleman says: "My son," reprovingly. Conductor says: "Come now, you boy!" You've paid your sixpence. No matter, that's nothing. You have been on your legs, with a bundle, all day. Who cares? you're a boy! Now a horse has a load given to him as he can carry; and a man won't take any more than he can walk under. Ask boys what grown folks think they can carry. There is no limit to it.

Who don't know a boy who does a man's work, and does it well, for a tenth of what a man would get for it? Who hasn't seen an advertisement for a boy who writes a good hand, understands accounts, is willing to make himself useful, boards with his parents, is trustworthy, no objection to sitting up all night, no impudence about him, the best recommendations required, and \$2.00 a week wages.

Ask boys whether old folks don't make as much fuss about such places as if they were doing you a favor that would set you up for life.

Who wants a boy anywhere? Your sister don't in the parlor. Your father don't; always asks if you are wanted to do something somewhere. You make your mother's head ache every time you come near her. Old ladies snap at you. Young ladies hate boys. Young men tease you, and give it to you if you tease back. Other fellows, it's because they're aggravated so, I know, always want to fight if they don't know you; and when you get a black eye, or a torn jacket, you hear of it at home.

You look back and wonder if you ever were that pretty little chap in petticoats that everybody stuffed with candy, and you wonder whether you'll ever be a man, to be liked by the girls, and treated politely by the other fellows, paid for your work and allowed to do as you choose. And you make up your mind every day not to be a boy any longer than you can help it; and when your grandfather, or somobody, complains that there are "no boys now," you wonder if he

remembers the life he led, that he don't consider it as a subject of rejoicing.

There is only one comfort in it all ; boys will grow up, and when they do, they generally forget all they went through in their youth, and make the boys of their day suffer just as they did.

A TALE OF LOVE.

A. L. HARVEY.

Two lovers were strolling, hand in hand,
Hand in hand, they were wand'ring on,
Wand'ring on o'er the shimmering sand.
Her name was Ellen ; his name was John.

Their hearts beat fast as they slowly strolled,
Slowly strolled, while the moon looked on,
Moon looked on, while his love he told,
Told his love to Ellen, did John.

Ellen she blushed and she whispered low,
Whispered low that she loved him, too,
Loved him, too, and for weal or woe,
Weal or woe, she would e'er be true.

He pressed a kiss on her ruby lips,
Ruby lips, with a "yum-yum-yum,"
But the cup of bliss quite frequently slips,
Frequently slips, when you long for some.

A spasm of terrible anguish seemed,
Anguish seemed to torture the maid,
Torture the maid, and she yipped and screamed,
Like the average nocturnal serenade.

"Ellen !" cried John, in horrified tones,
Horrified tones, "Hath the angel of Death,
Angel of Death, provoked those groans,
'Voked those groans so awful ?" he saith.

'Nay," she said, with a shutter and sigh,
Shutter and sigh, "not death," said she,
"Death," said she, "but I hope to die
If I don't flatten that pesky flea !"

THE KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

ANONYMOUS.

THERE came a gentle knock—
I heard it with surprise—
At half-past eight o'clock,
The time I always rise.

I listened and I thought
What that low tap could mean—
The water had been brought,
The butcher's boy had been.

The post had come and gone,
The letters lay around—
From Boston and Whitestone,
Peru and Hudson sound.

Perhaps it was a note ;
A telegram to say
My aunt had caught the boat,
And would be here to-day.

Perhaps it was a bill—
The messenger to wait ;
Perhaps my brother Phil
To take me out to skate.

Conjectures such as these
Passed swiftly thro' my brain ;
I hardly felt at ease,
When lo ! that knock again.

And then there came a voice—
 Our nursemaid's voice, forsooth—
 Which made my heart rejoice
 With—"Baby's got a tooth!"

STUMP SPEECH.

MY HILY CULUD BRUDRIN AN SISTRIN :

Sach de scripters from Levi T. Kuss to Pocriphy, and from Danyel to Nebbycasneezar, and you can't find a tex of haff de walu and signifumcunce ob de one dat i hab extraktet for dis day's preachment from de chronicals ob Washington. Open youm mouffs, eyes an ears, an lissen to de stunnin wuds :

"Woe be unto you, publicans an sinners, ye reprobates of boff houses, dat hab robbed de trezury ob a million an a haff, and divied it among yoursefs."

My brudrin, dis stealin by holesale out ob de public crib, widout eben hidin de sin from de eyes ob de people, am gettin to be too serous a biznis to be tolytated or indoord. Not sassified wid five tousan dollars a yeer—ten times as much as youm belubbed pasture gits for his effotes in sabin you all from de red hot claws ob de debble—dese reprobates ob de people in Kongriss, in whom we hab intrusted our politycul libes, our gold and greenbacks, and de berry eggist-unce ob de nashun, hab cum de grab game ober Unkil Sams trezury to de tune ob a millyon an a haff, an divied it among darsefs.

Woe be unto dem, dead beets all ! for dem dat didn't wote for de steal, wur glad enuff to tuk dar divy ob de spiles, an as it am recordid in de chronicals ob de Suns of Maltý, dat de receiber am bad as de tief, darfo dey am all in de same cat-tygorry, wid one or two honable ceptions ob men who posibly refused to be pals ob chief Butler's ban ditty.

I hab alus tole you, my brudrin, dat wite man am berry onsartin, and now you nose it. De moss honist ob dem wil fall from grace sumtimes, eben gemmen ob de clurgycul perfeshun. Look at poo' Harlum an Pattysun. Dey cud no mo

stand de temptatious atmusfear ob Washington dan a hungry jackass can keep his nose out ob a tub ob otes ; an it am so wid pooty much all ob dem. De moss morul, de moss temprate, de moss pieus, de moss relijus ob de wite race wen dey hab been roun heah bout a yeer, a yeer an a haff or two yeers, dey becum so mammonized, an dey am so greedy ater de filfy lucor dat dey am willin dedebble shal hab dar soles, if dey can ony fill dar coffers to de brim. Dat ain't de case wid culor, tank heaben. Dar am nuffin from de ilean to de norf side, and from de capital to de wite house, in de shaip ob temptashun dat any wel bred, spectreble nigger cudn't resiss weder his sole was in jepardy or not. Dat shoze de difference and de speariority atwix culor an no culor—a speariority dat some wite men can see, but don't hab de morul curage to stand up manfully and acnolidge it.

Wo unto you publicuns and sinners ! De day ob wraff wil cum as shuly as de Forf ob July. De eyes ob all mankine, an woman kine too, am pon you, and wen you am seakin to be lected to sum ofis nex Octem dar will be no mo' chance for you to run in, den dey am to cheet ole Belzybub out ob wot railley am his own, wen you am boff boddy an soles as ded kokes in de pit, as you have ben ded beets in kongriss. De bess ting dat you can do, for yousefs an de community, am for you all to emmygrait to Lasky, or some desart ilean, an dar skin each oder until dar amt enuff leb ob you to feed a sick crow.

My brudrin, now lef me warn you not to follo de cussid eg-sample ob dose fishful pilergers ob de public xoleker. Leabe it to de wite trash to do dat, for de suner dey am furrowly and teetotaly demorulized de ezier will it for honess culor to assoom de ranes ob gubment ; and wen any ob you condesend to go to kongriss, recomember dat you am not sent dar to make yousef a tief, and steel for yousefs or for any ob de rings, but to make lors for de kentry dat will make de people honiss, and will not set an egsample to make us a nashun ob liars an robbers.

May de lor' forgib all de sins ob culud men, and speshally for habin aded to elec de Colfax-harlun-pattysun-morrul-butler tribe to seets in kongris ; an not only dem dat woted for

de big grab, but also dem dat divyed wid dem, for as i sed afo de receiber am fooly as bad as de tief, ony dey hadn't de curage to wote for de steel.

And now, my brudrin, in oder to perwent youm pasture from gwine into bankrupsy, and bringin discredit pon de sinnergog, i wil cal pon Perfessur Cissero Cato Cool to put de hat in moshun, while de Africun Meddlesum Club enliben us wid sum ob dar selec slams and hymes.

PAT CONTRIVES TO SAVE HIS BACON.

ANONYMOUS.

TERENCE O'FLEARY, was working away in his little potato-patch, when his close friend, Mike Casey, all rigged in his Sunday dress came up. "Arrah, Terry, my man, what 'ould you be a doing wid the praties, an' at the time that Phelim O'Loughlin's berrin', is agoin' on. Ma bochel, the praties won't run away sure."

"No, no," says Terry, "I must dig out this ridge for the childer's breakfast, an' thin I'm goin' to confession to Father O'Higgins, who is holdin' a stachin at his own house there, jist beyont."

"The stachin be bothered," sis Mike, says he, "sure the stachin 'ud wait till the mornin'."

Mick went off to the berrin', and Terence, having finished 'wid the praties, went over to Father O'Higgins, and was shown into the kitchen, to await his turn for confession. He had not been long standing there, before the kitchen fire, when his attention was attracted by a nice piece of bacon, hanging snugly in the chinney corner. Again and still again, Terry looked at it, and wished the "childer" had it at home to give the praties a relish.

"Oh, murther alive, will I take it? Sure, the priest can well spare it, an' it would be a rale trate for Judy, an' the little gossoons at home, to say nothin' iv myself, who hasn't tasted the likes this many a day." Again Terry looked at it most wistfully, saying, "I won't take it. Why should I, seein' it's not mine at all, at all, but the praties? an' I'd

have the sin ov it, sure ! I won't take it," replied he, " an' it's nothin' but the Ould Boy himself that's temptin' me ! But sure it's no harm to feel it, any away," said he, taking it into his hands and looking hard at it. " Och, it's a beauty; an' why wouldn't I carry it home to Judy an' the childer ? An' sure it won't be a sin aftlier I confesses it."

So into his great coat pocket he thrust it ; and hardly had he done so, when the maid came in and told him that it was his turn for confession.

" Murther, alive, I'm kilt an' ruin'd, horse an' foot, now, boy, Terry ; what'll I do in this quandary, at all, at all ? By gawnies ! I must thry an' make the best ov it, any how," and in he went. Kneeling to the priest he told his sins, and was about to receive absolution, when all at once he seemed to recollect himself and cried out :

" Oh, stop—stop, Father O'Higgins, dear ; for goodness' sake stop ! I have one great big sin to tell yit ; only, sir, I'm frightened to tell id, in the regard of never havin' done the like afore, sure niver !"

" Come," said Father O'Higgins, " you must tell it to me."

" Why, thin, your reverince, I will tell id ; but, sir, I'm ashamed like."

" Oh, never mind, tell it," said the priest.

" Why, thin, your reverince, I went out one day to a gentleman's house upon a little bit of bisness, an' he bein' engaged, I was showed into the kitchen to wait. Well, sir, there I saw a beautiful bit iv bacon hangin' in the chimbley corner. I looked at it, your reverince, an my teeth began to wather. I don't know how it was, sur, but I suppose the Divil timpted me, for I put it into my pocket ; but, if you plaize, sir, I'll give it to you," and he put his hand into his pocket.

" Give it to me!" said the Father. " No—no—certainly not. Give it back to the owner."

" Why, thin, your riverince, sur, I offered it to him, an' he wouldn't take id."

" Oh, he wouldn't—wouldn't he?" said the priest, " then take it home, an' eat yourself with your family."

"Thank your riverince kindly !" says Terence, " an' I'll do that same immadiately, plaize hiven, but first an' foremost, I'll have the absolution, if you plaize, sir."

Terence got his absolution, and went on his way, rejoicing that he had been able to save both his soul and his bacon.

THE DISAPPOINTMENT.

G. P. MORRIS.

OLD BIRCH, who taught the village school,
 Wedded a maid of homespun habit ;
 He was as stubborn as a mule,
 While she was playful as a rabbit.

Poor Kate had scarce become a wife
 Before her husband sought to make her
 The pink of country polished life,
 And prim and formal as a Quaker.

One day the tutor went abroad,
 And simple Katy sadly missed him ;
 When he returned, behind her lord
 She slyly stole, and fondly kissed him.

The husband's anger rose, and red
 And white his face alternate grew ;
 " Less freedom, ma'am !" Kate sighed and said,
 "*Oh, dear, I didn't know 'twas you !*"

HARD TIMES.

DEAR GRUMBLERS :—In 'cordance wid my promise, I will spoke to you dis ebenin' on de perwailin' epidemic ob de day. You will find my tex' on de tongs ob eberybody in de community from de millionmare down to de licensed vender man. It am written in unmistakable characters and deep lines on de phiz's ob de poor, and in the anxious faces ob de rich. It am none as HARD TIMES.

"*It's hard times*," tinks de merchant's lady, as she alights from her carriage, decked in a two thousand dollar set ob diamonds, thousand dollar set ob furs, hundred dollar dress, and delicate opera cloak. It's hard times—husband couldn't afford no greater display, times am so berry hard.

"*It's hard times*," says the buckish clerk in the shanghie coat, as he orders oysters and champagne—"Two dozen oysters cooked in warious ways, and only one half-pint bottle ob hidesick ;—times is hard, and I can't afford luxuries."

"*It's hard times*," says de feller as he pours down Old Hennessy at 25 cents de nip. "De Lord only knows what we am coming to."

"*It's hard times*," says de fop to de tailor, "and you must wait." "Hadn't you better wer out your ole close?" says de tailor, "till your finances improbe a little, and de times git softer?" "Can't afford it," says the fop, "must hab de shanghie. I can't afford to lose my position, and look as doe I worked for a libin'."

"*It's hard times*," says de capitalist, as he buttons up his coat. "I guess I'll lock up what gold and silver I hab in a walt, and luff no man hab it, kase all de noosepapers says it's hard times and wus a comin'. I'll lock up my money, kase dere am no noein who to trust."

"*It's hard times*," says de bank fellers, who hab bin libin' too fast, "and I must eder retrench, or Skiler. I can't retrench and go in good society afterwards, but I can default, and in two seasons all am forgotten. I'll Skiler, kase it pays best."

"We must take advantage ob de times," says de business man, "and cut down de wages ob de workman—now is de time, when noosepapers, preachersmen, lawyers, and everybody am crying hard times."

So down goes de wages, and down comes de tears ob de workman's children for bread at de same time—so you see the poor man and his family do all de sufferin' and de rich all de jawin'. Dere am no mistake, de times am so hard you can bite it.

WHAT BECAME OF A LIE.

MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

FIRST, somebody told it,
Then the room wouldn't hold it,
So the busy tongue rolled it
Till they got it outside ;
When the crowd came across it,
It never once lost it,
But tossed it, and tossed it,
Till it grew long and wide.

From a very small lie, sir,
It grew deep and high, sir,
Till it reached to the sky, sir,
And frightened the moon ;
For she hid her sweet face, sir,
In a veil of cloud-lace, sir,
At the dreadful disgrace, sir,
That happened at noon.

This lie brought forth others,
Dark sisters and brothers,
And fathers and mothers—
A terrible crew ;
And while headlong they hurried,
The people they flurried,
And troubled, and worried,
As lies always do.

And so, evil-boded,
This monstrous lie goaded,
Till at last it exploded,
In smoke and in shame ;
While from mud and from mire,
The pieces flew higher,
And hit the sad liar,
And killed his good name !

"JUST HIS LUCK."

"I'm hungry and ragged and half-sick and dead-broke," muttered a tramp yesterday, as he sat down for a sun-bath on the wharf at the foot of Griswold street; "but it's just my luck. Last fall I got in to Detroit just two hours too late to sell my vote. Nobody to blame. Found a big wallet on the street in December, and four police came up before I could hide it. Luck again. Got knocked down by a street-car, but there was no opening for a suit for damages, because I was drunk. Just the way. Last fall nails were way down. I knew there'd be a rise, but I didn't buy and hold for the advance. Lost ten thousand dollars out and out. Allus that way with me. Glass went up twenty-five per cent., but I hadn't a pane on hand, excepting the pain in my back. Never knew it to fail. Now lumber's gone up, and I don't even own a fence-picket to realize on. Just me again. Fell into the river t'other day, but instead of pulling me out and giving me a hot whiskey they pulled me out and told me to leave town or I'd get the bounce. That's me again. Now I've got settled down here for a bit of a rest and a snooze, but I'll be routed out in less than fifteen minutes, and I know it. It'll be just my behanged luck!"

He settled down, slid his hat over his face, and was just beginning to feel sleepy when a hundred pounds of coal rattled down on him.

"I knew it—I knew it?" shouted the tramp as he sprang up and rubbed the dust off his head—"I said so all the time, and I just wish the durned old hogshead had come down along with the coal and jammed me through the wharf."

LODGE NIGHT.

ANONYMOUS.

HEARING a confused noise in front of my house the other night, writes a correspondent, I threw up the window to ascertain the cause. I observed a dark object clinging to the lamp-post that stands sentinel in front of my door; and listening attentively, I overheard the following soliloquy:

"Mariar's waitin' up for me! I see the light in her win'er. What the deu-deuce does she act so fool-(hic) foolish for on lodge-lodge-nights? 'S'well enough to stay up on o'r'rer nights—but's all blame nonsense, ye know, to wait for a fell'r on lodge (hic) nights. She knows 's'well as I do, busin' 'sgot to be 'tended to—committee's got to report, an' var'us o'r'rer little matters—she ought'er 'ave more sense. I-I'll catch f-f-fits, tho', I know I shall. Said she had the head-(hic) headache when I left 'er—told me not to stay out loger'n I could 'elp. Well, I didn't! how could I help it? Besides, I'll have the headache worse'n she will'n the mor-nin'. So b-blamed stupid in her to get the headache when she knew I'd biz-bizness to 'tend to. Ah! these women, these women, they'll never (hic) learn anythin', never:

"So let the world wag as wide as it will,
 I'll be gay and (hic) happy still."

"Ha, ha, ha! (hic). Wonder what's become of Bulgar! Left 'im settin' on a curbstone. Rain'n' like blazes, and the war'rer up to his middle. He thought he was at Niag-(hic) Niagara Falls. Says'e, says'e 'Spicer' my boy, ain't this glor'us? Don't you hear the ra-rapids?" I was strik'n out for home as ra- (hic) rapidly as I could. 'Tis pity for Bulger, 'cause I don't think he can swim; and he hates—ha, ha, ha! (hic)—hates war'rer like p-poison. Wish I wa's 'ome and in bed. B-r-r-u-a-h! I'm all of a shiver! Clo's all wet outside, and I'm dry as thund'r inside. Think I'll tell Mariar I jumped overboard to save a feller-screecher from (hic) drowning. Then she—she'd want to know what I did with the fell-(hic) feller-screecher. So *that* won't do. She's got a pretty good swallow, but—egad! she—can't swallow—ha, ha, ha! (hic)—no drowned man, you know. Tha-that's a leetle *too* much! She's taken some awful heavy doses of *lie* from me, but I'm afraid the drown'd chap would choke her."

At this juncture a guardian of the public peace approached and asked the votary of Bacchus what he was doing there at that time of night, and why he did not go home.

"What'm I doin' here? Why, I'm *holdin' on* like grim death—*that's* what I'm doin'. Howsever, ole fell'r, I'm gl-

(hic) a-ad to see ye. Fact is, I've been out'n the rain, and I've got a leetle so-soaked, d'ye see? Rain war'rer allers did make consirable 'p-pression on me. Say, you! can ye t-tell me why I'm like a pick-(hic) picket-guard? But I know you can't; 's'no use askin' you p'lice fell'rs anything. But's good n-notwithstan'n—he, he, he! (hic)—for me. I—I'll tell ye why I'm like a blackguar'—I mean a p-picket-guard. Because I c-can't leave my p-post until I'm re-(hic) relieved! P'lice fell'r, d'ye see that shutter over the way, the one wi' the green Venetian houses in front, three doors to go up to the step? That's my (hic) house, and therein dwells my sa-sainted Mariar. Did you ever belong to a spout-shop? But I s'pose not. As the charming P-Portia says:

“That light we see is burning in my hall;
How far that little beam throws his c-candles!
So shines a good (hic) deed in a naughty world.”

“Th-then pity the sorrows of a poor young man, whose tangled legs have b-b-brought him to this spot. Oh, relieve and take him home at once, and heaven will ble-bless your store—when you get (hic) one.”

The policeman kindly assisted him to his house and rang the bell. The door partially opened. I got a transient glimpse of a night-capped head, as our hero was hurriedly drawn in by unseen hands; and a shrill voice, that pierced the midnight air, was heard to say; “So! you're tight again, you brute!” The door was rudely slammed in the un-offending policeman's face, while I crept shivering to bed, wondering at the probable fate of “Bulger.”

CHICKENS.

ROSE TERRY COOKE.

“I DIDN'T!” says Chip. “You did!” says Peep.
“How do you know? you were fast asleep.”
“I was under mammy's wing,
Scretching my legs like anything,
When all of a sudden I turned around,

For close behind me I heard a sound—
“A little tip and a little tap.”
“Fiddle-de-dee! You’d had a nap,
And when you were only half awake
Heard an icicle somewhere break.”
“What’s an icicle! I don’t know;
Rooster tells about ice and snow—
Something that isn’t as good as meal,
That drops down on you and makes you squeal.”
“Well! swallow rooster’s tales, I beg,
And think you didn’t come out of an egg!
I tell you I heard the old shell break,
And the first small noise you ever could make;
And mammy croodled and puffed her breast,
And pushed us further out of the nest,
Just to make room enough for you;
And there’s your shell—I say it’s true!”
Chip looked over his shoulder then,
And there it lay by the old gray hen—
Half an egg-shell, chipped and brown,
And he was a ball of yellow down,
Clean and chipper, and smart and spry,
With the pertest bill and the blackest eye.
“H’m!” said he, with a little perk,
“That is a wonderful piece of work!
Peep, you silly, don’t you see
That shell isn’t nearly as big as me?
Whatever you say, miss, I declare
I never, never could get in there!”
“You did!” says Peep. “I didn’t!” says Chip;
With that he gave her a horrid nip,
And Peep began to dance and peck,
And Chip stuck out his wings and neck.
They pranced and struck and capered about,
Their toes turned in and their wings spread out,
As angry as two small chicks could be,
Till Mother Dorking turned to see.
She cackled and clucked, and called in vain—
At it they went with might and main—

Till at last the old hen used her beak,
 And Peep and Chip with many a squeak
 Staggered off on either side
 With a very funny skip and stride.
 "What dreadful nonsense!" said Mother Hen,
 When she heard the story told again;
 "You're bad as the two-legs that don't have wings,
 Nor feathers nor combs—the wretched things!
 That's the way they fight and talk
 For what isn't worth a mullein stalk.
 What does it matter, I'd like to know,
 Where you came from, or where you go?
 Keep your temper and earn your food;
 I can't scratch worms for a fighting brood.
 I won't have quarrels—I will have peace;
 I hatched out chickens, so don't be geese!
 Chip scratched his ear with his yellow claw,
 The meekest chicken that ever you saw;
 And Peep in her feathers curled one leg,
 And said to herself: "But he was an egg!"

OLD SI PILOTS A 'POSSUM HUNT.

"GOLLY! hit wus cold 'nuff last night ter freeze up a blas' furniss!" said Amos one morning.

"Yes, but I like ter 'laff myself inter a ragin' feber, for de bo'n trufe!" said old Si.

"How was dat?"

"Well, some ob dese town gen'lmen, dey come arter me to go wid dem ter hunt 'possum an' I went."

"Dey moughter 'skused me!" put in Amos.

"Nebber mine, nigger, mebbe you kin be satisfied wid er or'nary cirkus, but ef yer want ter see de gran' hipperdrumedary an' moril caravangerie, you'se got ter go 'possum huntin' wid dat quad dat I wus in las' night!"

"What did dey do?"

"Dey went out in de woods an' prowled 'round dar whar

de 'possums gin'rully gethers and dey hunted ! Dey 'skivered mo' 'possum tracks and seed mo' 'possum ha'r on de bark ob trees dan's bin in Georgy sence Stone Mountain was planted to mark de norfwes' corner ob de big survey !"

"Did dey ketch any, tho'?"

"Hol' on ! De fust one dat dey treed wuz one dat dey foun' creepin' 'long de side ob de fence. When dey sicked de dog on and hit cl'ared de fence at de fust bound, dey lit out arter hit an' purty soon dey had hit up a tree. When de 'possum got up ter de fork hit turn'd 'round an' say : 'Splitt me-ow-ow !' Good Master, I jess tho't that I would bus' right dar, fer dem boys had done gone an' treed de bigges old cat dat ebber you see in yo' bo'n days !"

"Dey moughter kno'd dat warn't no 'possum when hit riz ober dat fence, ez your prescribe !" said Amos.

"But shot'ly dey struck anudder trail an' when de dog—one ob dese heal patent breed fices—bark'd, one ob de boys say : 'By jings, fellers, we's got de reprehensible trail wretch in de foalidge, at las' ! an' dey all helt a wah dance onder de tree, but when dey flash'd de bull's eye onter de right limb, a stray rooster shuck hissef an' say : 'Tuck-awk-awk-awk.' Den yer cood a heerd dem boys cussin' ober in de nex' county."

"Didn't dey ketch no 'possum at all, de whole night?"

"When I gets ter de 'possums I'll speak 'bout dem, but I wuz gwine on ter say dat dey fizzled out on de fals' 'larms ob dat patent pup tell dey run agin a pole-cat—den dey all hol-lered 'possum, an' hit wuz wuss dan holdin' a team of young inules ober a ho'net's nes' to keep dem boys fum bouncin' onter dot ole time centennill critter. But de dog went in—an' come out—but he war'nt shook hands wid for his bravery, you bet. After dat skirmish dem boys opened de throttils of dere canteens wide an' faum'd de reserves inter a returnin' board, respired wid de sperit of seventy-six !"

"An' no 'possum at las' !"

"Nary flicker ob a tail, but dar wuz laffin' 'nuff on my side to mek a man fatter dan fo'ty 'possums briled !"

AGRICULTURAL ADDRESS.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I congratulate you upon your good judgment in selecting me to deliver the address before this honorable society.

No one has taken agriculture more to heart or made it so much of a study as I have. I have spent my whole life in reading agricultural reports, and have driven out into the country two or three times.

When I look round me and see the evidences of a farmer's life I say God bless him ! I tell you I would rather borrow a hundred dollars of a good old honest farmer than any other men. I would rather eat at a farmer's table than eat at my own.

What better sign of agricultural thrift can be found than beautiful quilts present, each one made of several thousand pieces ? I tell you they are the very finest products that can be cultivated on a farm. When a good old farmer wraps one of those around him and lies down to pleasant dreams, the mortgages on his farm and the taxes vanish into thin air.

I am overjoyed to look around and see so many good-looking girls. The crop is splendid. It shows they were raised on good farms, and I think they deserve the premium. If I wasn't a married man I would be agricultural enough to try and cultivate a liking for some of them.

I am pleased to see that every year farming becomes more advanced as a profession. Those wax flowers and crotched ferns show to the whole world just how it is improving, and those sewing-machines are so finely adjusted that they will sow anything from a calico dress to a field of oats. When I was a boyish child we did our sowing by hand, and I may add that some boys were raised by hand with a switch in it.

Perhaps there is nothing that shows the progress of the agricultural interests better than the horse-races. When I looked at those feats of speed I wanted to be a farmer, and became so enthusiastic over it that I invested ten dollars on

the white horse for a purely agricultural purpose, but I had forgotten to state I had bet on the horse that came in last, and the fellow went away with my money and his finger pulling down his left eye. Nevertheless, agriculture as exhibited in a horse-race is a good thing.

The occupation of a farmer in my mind is one of the most pleasant of recreations. What is more delightful than to see the patient ox hitched up to the sickle going through a field reaping potatoes from the potato-stalks? What is more cheerful than to lie in bed and know that your corn is coming up whether you are there or not, or to sit back and drink cider and be aware that every stalk of wheat is growing without your being compelled to be out there and put a head on it, while the corn puts its ears out and listens for the breakfast-bell?

In the occupation of an honest farmer I can imagine nothing more exhilarating and ennobling than eating ham and egg breakfasts.

If I were a farmer how delightful would it be to roll up my sleeves and go forth while the sun is warm and effulgent and eat apples, or hitch up my team early to a spanker and go down the road like a breeze with another breeze after it.

Farmers are independent; indeed, they are the most independent set of people I know of.

And when fair time comes around with what pride does the farmer gather together the produce of his farm for exhibition to the astonished world! He brings in his premium thistles, which show how much pains have been taken to cultivate them; and his champion mince-pies, which only grow to perfection on a good farm; and his three-legged chickens; and his horned muley cows; and his persimmons; and crab-cider; and his paw-paws; and ginseng; and ripe, luscious cucumbers; and his cane fishpoles with corn blades stuck on them; and smear-case; and crooked gourds; and his girls and boys and the old folks! Ah, there is nothing half like it.

If I was the premier of this society you would all go home with the first premium. I thank you all for your kind atten-

tion. And if there is any good old farmer present who is just going to lunch and will give me a pressing invitation to join in I will show him how much I like agricultural vic-tuals.

THE KISS IN SCHOOL.

PALMER.

A DISTRICT SCHOOL not far away,
 'Mid Berkshire hills, one winter's day,
 Was humming with its wonted noise
 Of three-score mingled girls and boys ;
 Some few upon their tasks intent,
 But more on future mischief bent
 The while the master's downward look
 Was fastened on a copy-book,
 When suddenly, behind his back,
 Rose sharp and clear a rousing smack !
 As 'twere a battery of bliss,
 Let off in one tremendous kiss.
 "What's that?" the startled master cries,
 "That, thir," a little imp replies,
 "Wath William Willith, if you pleathe ;
 I saw him kith Thuthannah Peathe !"
 With frown to make a statue thrill,
 The Master thundered, "Hither, Will !"
 Like wretch o'er taken in his track,
 With stolen chattels on his back,
 Will hung his head in fear and shame,
 And to that awful presence came ;
 A great, green, bashful simpleton,
 The butt of all good-natured fun.
 With smile suppressed, and birch upraised,
 The threatener faltered : "I'm amazed
 That you, my biggest pupil, should
 Be guilty of an act so rude !
 Before the whole set school to boot,—
 What evil genius put you to 't?"

" 'Twas she, herself, sir," sobbed the lad,
" I didn't mean to be so bad ;
But when Susannah shook her curls,
And whispered I was 'fraid of girls,
And dursn't kiss a baby's doll,
I couldn't stand it, sir, at all !
But up and kissed her on the spot.
I know—boo-hoo—I ought to not,
But, somehow, from her looks,—boo-hoo,—
I thought she kind o'wished me to."

JOSH BILLINGS ON GONGS.

JOSH BILLINGS relateth his first experience with the gong thusly :

I never can erradicate holi from mi memory the sound ov the first gong I ever herd. I was settin' on the front steps ov a tavern in the sitty of Buffalo, pensively smokin. The sun was goin' to bed, and the hevins for an hour was blushin' at the performance. The Ery knal, with its golden waters, was on its way to Albany, and I was perusin' the live botes a floatin by, and thinkin' of Italy (where I used to live), and her gondolers and gallus wimmen. My entire sole wuz, as it were, in a swet. I wanted to klime, I felt grate, I actually grew.

There are things in this life tu big tu be trifled with ; there are times when a man breaks luse from hisself, when he sees sperrets, when he can almost tuch the mune, and feel as tho' he kud fill both hands with the stars uv hevin, and almost sware he was a bank president. That's what ailed me.

But the korse ov true luv never did run smooth. (This is Shakespeare's opinion, too). Just as I was duin my best—dummer, dummer, pat bang, beller, crash, roar, ram, dummer, dummer, whang, rip, rare, rally, dummer, dummer, dum—with a tremenjus jump I struck the center ov the side-walk, with another I cleared the gutter, and with another I

stood in the middle ov the street, snortin' like an Indian pony at a band of music.

I gazed in wild despair at the tavern stand, mi hart swelling up as big as a outdoor oven, my teeth was as luce as a string ov bedes, I thot all the crockery in the tavern had fell down, I thot of fenomenons, I thot of Gabrel and his horn ; I was jest on the pint of thinkin ov something else when the landlord kum out on the frunt stupe ov the tavern, holdin' by a string the bottom ov a old brass kettle. He kauleed me gently with his hand. I went slola and slola up to him he kammed my fears, he said it was a gong; I saw the kussed thing ; he said supper was ready, and axed me if I wud have black or green tee, and I sed I wud.

HIGHER.

THE shadows of night were a comin' down swift,
And the dazzlin' snow lay drift on drift,
As through a village a youth did go,
A carryin' a flag with this motto,—
“ Higher !”

O'er a forehead high curled copious hair,
His nose a Roman, complexion fair,
O'er an eagle eye an auburn lash ;
And he never stopped shoutin' through his mustache
“ Higher !”

He saw through the windows, as he kept gettin' upper ;
A number of families settin' at supper ;
But he eyed the slippery rocks very keen,
And fled as he cried, and cried while a fleein',—
“ Higher !”

“ Take care, you there !” said an old woman ; “ stop !
It's blowin' gales up there on top ;
You'll tumble off on t'other side.”
But the hurryin' stranger loud replied.—
“ Higher !”

"O, don't go up such a shocking night !
 Come sleep on my lap," said a maiden bright.
 On his Roman nose a tear-drop come ;
 But still he remarked, as he upward clomb,—
 "Higher !"

"Look out for the branch of that sycamore tree,
 Dodge rollin' stones, if any you see."
 Sayin' which, the farmer went home to bed,
 And the singular voice replied overhead,—
 "Higher !"

About a quarter past six the next afternoon,
 A man accidentally goin' up soon
 Heard spoken above him, as often as twice,
 The very same word in a very weak voice,—
 "Higher !"

And not far, I believe, from a quarter of seven
 (He was slow gettin' up, the road bein' uneven),
 Found the stranger dead in the drifted snow,
 Still clutchin' the flag with this motto,—
 "Higher !"

Yes ! lifeless, defunct, without any doubt,
 The lamp of his being decidedly out,
 On the dreary hill-side the youth was a layin',
 And there was no more use for him to be sayin',—
 "Higher !"

THE QUIET MR. SMITH.

FANNY FERN.

"WHAT a quiet man your husband is, Mrs. Smith !"

"Quiet ! a snail is an 'express train' to him ! If the top of this house should blow off, he'd just sit still and spread his umbrella ! He's a regular pussy-cat. Comes into the front

door as though the entry was paved with eggs, and sits down in his chair as if there was a nest of kittens under the cushion. He'll be the death of me yet. I read him all the horrid accidents, dreadful collisions, murders, and explosions, and he takes it just as easy as if I was saying the ten commandments.

"He is never astonished, or startled, or delighted. If a cannon-ball should come through that window, he wouldn't move an eyelash. If I should make the voyage of the world, and return some fine day, he'd take off his spectacles, put them in the case, fold up the newspaper, and settle his dickey, before he'd be ready to say, 'Good morning, Mrs. Smith.' If he'd been born of a poppy, he couldn't be more soporific.

"I wonder if all the Smiths are like him. When Adam got tired of naming his numerous descendants, he said, 'Let all the rest be called Smith!' Well, I don't care for that, but he ought to have known better than to call my husband Abel Smith. Do you suppose, if I were a man, I would let a woman support me? Where do you think Abel's coats and cravats and canes and cigars come from? Out of my brains! Quiet!—It's perfectly refreshing to me to hear of a comet, or see a locomotive, or look at a streak of chain lightning! I tell you he is the expressed essence of chloroform.

TO THE TERRESTRIAL GLOBE.

A MISERABLE WRETCH.

ROLL on, thou ball, roll on!

Through pathless realms of space

Roll on!

What though I'm in a sorry case?

What though I cannot meet my bills?

What though I suffer tooth-ache's ills?

What though I swallow countless pills?

Never *you* mind!

Roll on!

Roll on, thou ball, roll on !
 Through seas of inky air
 Roll on !
 It's true I've got no shirts to wear ;
 It's true my butcher's bill is due ;
 It's true my prospects all look blue,—
 But don't let that unsettle you !
 Never you mind !
 Roll on !

[It rolls on.

EXCLAMATORY.

At church I sat within her pew,—
 O Pew !
 But there I heard
 No pious word,—
 I saw alone her eyes of blue !

 I saw her bow her head so gracious,—
 O Gracious !
 The choir sang,
 The organ rang,—
 And seemed to fill the building spacious.

 I could not hear the gospel law,—
 O Law !
 My future bride
 Was by my side,—
 I found all else a mighty bore !

 And so when pealed the organ's thunder,—
 O Thunder !
 I fixed my eyes,
 In mute surprise,
 On her whose beauty was a wonder.

 To me that maiden was most dear,—
 O Dear !

And she was mine.—
 Joy too divine
 For human words to picture here.

 Her love seemed like a prayer to bless me,—
 O Bless me !
 Before she came
 My life was tame,—
 My rarest joys could but oppress me.

 The service done, we sought the shore,—
 O shore !
 And there we walked,
 And sadly talked,—
 More sadly than e'er before.

 I thought she was the type of goodness,—
 O Goodness !
 But on that day
 I heard her say
 Plain words whose very tone was rudeness,

 We strolled beyond the tide-mill's dam,—
 O Dam !
 She jilted me
 And now I see
 That woman's love is all a sham !

PRAISE OF LITTLE WOMEN.

JUAN RUIZ DE HITA.

To praise the little women Love besought me in my musing,
 To tell their noble qualities, is quite beyond refusing ;
 So I'll praise the little women, and you'll find the thing
 amusing,
 They are, I know, as cold as snow, whilst flames around dif-
 fusing.

In a little precious stone what splendor meets the eyes !
In a little lump of sugar how much of sweetness lies !
So in a little woman love grows and multiplies :
You recollect the proverb says,—“ A word unto the wise.”

A peppercorn is very small, but seasons every dinner,
More than all other condiments, although 'tis sprinkled
thinner.

Just so a little woman is, if Love will let you win her,—
There's not a joy in all the world you will not find within
her.

And as within the little rose you find the richest dyes,
And in a little grain of gold much price and value lies ;
As from a little balsam much odor doth arise,
So in a little woman there's a taste of Paradise.

Even as the little ruby its secret worth betrays,
Color, and price, and virtue, in the clearness of its rays,—
Just so a little woman much excellence displays,
Beauty, and grace, and love, and fidelity always.

The skylark and the nightingale, though small and light of
wing,
Yet warble sweeter in the grove than all the birds that sing ;
And so a little woman, though a very little thing,
Is sweeter far than sugar, and flowers that bloom in Spring.

There's naught can be compared to her throughout the wide
creation.

She is a Paradise on earth,—our greatest consolation ;
So cheerful, gay, and happy, so free from all vexation,
In fine, she's better in the proof than in anticipation.

If as her size increases are woman's charms decreased,
Then surely it is good to be from all the great released.
Now, of two evils, choose the less, said a wise man of the
East :

By consequence, of womankind be sure to choose the least.

SPEECH-MAKING.

How truly fortunate the age and country in which we live, when and where every event is set forth and duly celebrated in a magnificent speech! These ready speech-makers seem determined to effect what Milton implored of his muse :—

“What is low, raise and support.”

We are told by the newspapers, that at a “Mowing-match,” lately got up in New Hampshire, the “Hon. Mr. Such—a—” one delivered an elegant and appropriate address.” Now, this is nothing to the style in which we do things in the Old Bay State. We could relate a score of instances, if we pleased, where as fine speeches as ever were blown were made on far less occasions than the one above mentioned. I will content myself with a single instance.

In a village on one side or other of the Connecticut River there is a pound, for the imprisonment of such unruly four-footed animals as render themselves obnoxious to the civil authority. This same pound, having lost off one of the hinges of the gate, it became a matter of prudence to replace it by a new one.

The making and putting on of a single hinge on a gate of no great magnitude, is not a thing necessarily requiring a great deal of noise saving and excepting what is made by the hammer and anvil. But this only shows more fully the vast perfection to which the sublime art of speech-making is already brought in this happy land.

On this occasion, the Hon. Spouter Puffer was unanimously chosen to deliver the address. And the able and perfect manner in which he did the thing shows, clearer than noon-day, the wisdom of the choice. The carpenter had taken the hinge in his hand, and was about nailing it fast to the gate, when the honorable gentleman arose, and after alluding to the importance of the occasion, his utter inability to do anything like justice to it, and craving the indulgence of the audience, he thus proceeded :

“When I look about me, and behold this vast empire, extending from sea to sea, and from ocean to ocean ; when I con-

template the growing condition of this State ; when I reflect on the magnitude of this country ; when I consider the inef-fable importance of this 'ere town, with its dense and en-lightened population ; and, especially, when I turn my eyes to the wide circumference of the Pound before us, I am lost in admiration of the magnitude of our destinies.

“Europe is no more to us than a filbert-shell to a meet-ing-house. If any one doubts that we have arrived at the pinnacle of arts, let him come forward to-day, and view the perfection of this hinge, pounded as it has been, on the anvil of Independence, and beaten into shape by the hammer of Wisdom.

“On this hinge turns the fate of empires ; on this hinge depends the starvation of horses, and bringing into subjec-tion the flesh of unruly beef. Here they may chew the bitter cud of nonentity ; here they may learn to prize the inestima-ble privilege of being impounded in a land of liberty ; here—”

But we will not pursue the subject any further, as it is utterly impossible to do anything like justice to the eloquence of the honorable gentleman, without quoting the whole speech, which, as it would occupy nine closely-printed col-umns, and we understand it is to be laid before the public in a pamphlet form, we dismiss for the present, just observing, that the honorable gentleman surpassed all his former exam-ples of eloquence ; and such was the attention and stillness of the audience, composed of at least twenty persons, that the walls of the pound might have fallen down, “Slam bang !” without once being heard.

SEVEN STAGES OF DRUNKENNESS.

ALL the world's a Bar,
And all the men and women merely drinkers :
They have their hiccups and their staggerings ;
And one man in a day drinks many glasses,
His acts being seven stages. At first the gentleman,

Steady and steadfast in his good resolves ;
 And then the wine and bitters, appetizer,
 And pining, yearning look, leaving like a snail
 The comfortable bar. And then the arguments,
 Trying like Hercules with a wrathful frontage
 To refuse once more gin cocktail. Then the mystified,
 Full of strange thoughts, unheeding good advice,
 Careless of honor, sodden, thick and gutt'ral,
 Seeking the troubled repetition
 Even in the bottle's mouth ; and then quite jovial,
 In fair good humor while the world swims round,
 With eyeballs misty, while his friends him cut,
 Full of nice oaths and awful bickerings :
 And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
 Into stupid, slipping drunken man
 With "blossoms" on his nose and bléary-eyed,
 His shrunken face unshaved, from side to side
 He rolls along ; and his unmanly voice
 Huskier than ever, fails and flies,
 And leaves him—staggering round. Last scene of all,
 That ends this true and painful history,
 Is stupid childishness, and then oblivion—
Sans watch, *sans* chain, *sans* coin, *sans* everything.

THE GOAT.

THE goat is a native of the vacant lots about the city, and there are lots of them.

The goat is omnivorous. He will goat anything that he sees, and will seize anything that he may goat.

His principal food, however, is play bill. He is very fond of letters.

Let us honor him for his love of bill letters.

The gentleman goat is called Billy, but he is a Billy that no policeman can handle.

The lady goats are called Nanny. This is their ewe-Nanny-mous name.

The young goat is called a kid. Kids are on hand the year round.

The goat is generous to a fault. He presents a couple of horns to everybody he sees.

In the matter of mere cash, the Cashmere goat is the most famous.

Goats are fond of the outskirts of large cities; also hoop skirts.

The goat wears a beard. It is called a goatee, though not confined to the he goat.

The goat is noted for his bunting, but he never flags.

The goat is one of the signs of the zodiac, signifying that he has a propensity to knock things sky-high.

He never gets high himself. That is to say, he never gets over the ba-a-a.

Shakspeare understood the spontaneity of the goat when he said, "Stand not upon the order of your going, but goat once."

The goat is a wide-awake animal. He is never caught napping, notwithstanding the many cases of kid-napping you may have read about.

For many years the goat was the only butter known.

Goats love to get on a high rock and sun themselves. Give them a chance and they will always seek a sunny climb.

The god Pan was a sort of half-goat. All goats do not pan out as well as he did.

B-a-a a !

NOT SO EASY.

ANON.

Now you may think it very nice,

And very easy too,

For a little boy to stand up here,

With little else to do,

But make his bow, and say a piece—

To speak up loud and plain,

Then make another bow to close,
And take his seat again.

But I can tell you, one and all,
Whichever way you view it,
To face this crowd of gentle folks,
It takes some PLUCK to do it.
The saying is as TRUE as OLD,
“ Who gets a NAME must BUY it,”
If you don't credit what I say,
JUST WALK UP HERE AND TRY IT.

CORNES.

ANON.

Corns are of two kinds—vegetable and animal. Vegetable corn grows in rows ; animal corn grows on toeses. There is the unicorn, capricorn, corn dodger, field corn, and the corn that you feel the most. It is said, we believe, that gophers like corn ; but persons having corns do not like to “ go fur ” if they can help it. Corns have kernels, and some colonels have corns. Vegetable corn grows on ears, but animal corns grow on the feet. Folks that have corns sometimes send for a doctor, and if the doctor is corned, it would be better if they had not sent for him. The doctor says corns are produced by tight boots and shoes, which is probably the reason why when a man is tight they say he is corned. If a farmer manages well, he gets a good deal of corn on a acre, but we know of a farmer that has one corn that makes the biggest acher on his farm. Another kind of corn is the dodger. The way it is made is very simple, and it is as follows—that is if you want to know : You go along the street and meet a man that you know has a corn, and rough character, then you step on the toe that has the corn on it, and see if you don't have occasion to dodge. In that way you find out what a corn dodger is.

A TRAIN OF CIRCUMSTANCES.

FITZ GREEN.

By the side of a murmuring stream,
An elderly gentleman sat ;
On the top of his head was his wig,
And a-top of his wig was his hat.

The wind it blew high and blew strong,
As this elderly gentleman sat ;
And it tore from his head in a trice,
And plunged in the river his hat.

The old gentleman then took his cane,
Which lay by his side as he sat ;
And he dropped in the river his wig,
In attempting to get out his hat.

His breast it grew cold with despair,
And in his eye madness full sat ;
So he flung in the river his cane,
To swim with his wig and his hat.

His head being thicker than common,
Overbalanced the rest of his fat ;
So in fell this son of a woman,
To follow his wig, cane and hat !

THE CLOSE-HARD MAN.

ANON.

A hard, close man was Solomon Ray,
Nothing of value he gave away ;
He hoarded and saved ; he pinched and shaved,
And the more he had the more he craved.

The hard-earned dollars he toiled to gain
 Brought him little but care and pain ;
 For little he spent, and all he lent
 He made it bring him twenty per cent.

Such was the life of Solomon Ray ;
 The years went by and his hair grew gray ;
 His cheeks grew thin, and his soul within
 Grew hard as the dollars he worked to win.

But he died one day, as all men must,
 For life is fleeting, and man but dust ;
 The heirs were gay that laid him away
 And that was the end of Solomon Ray.

They quarreled now, who had little cared
 For Solomon Ray while his life was spared,
 His lands were sold, and his hard-earned gold
 All went to the lawyers, I am told.

Yet men will cheat, and pinch and save,
 Nor carry their treasures beyond the grave ;
 All there gold some day will melt away,
 Like the selfish savings of Solomon Ray.

PADDY'S VERSION OF "EXCELSIOR."

ANON.

TWAS growing dark so terrible fasht,
 Whin through a town up the mountain there pashed
 A broth of a boy, to his neck in the shnow,
 As he walked, his shillelah he swung to and fro,
 Saying, it's up to the top I'm bound for to go,
 Be jabers !

He looked mortal sad, and his eyes were as bright
 As a fire of turf on a cowl'd winther night,

And devil a word that he said could ye tell
 As he opened his mouth and let out a yell,
 It's up till the top of the mountain I'll go,
 Unless covered up with this bothersome shnow,
 Be jabers !

Through the windows he saw, as he traveled along,
 The light of the candles and fires so warm ;
 But a big chunk of ice hung over his head,
 Wid a shnivel and groan, by St. Patrick, he said,
 It's up to the very tip top I will rush,
 And then if it falls it's not meself it'll crush,
 Be jabers !

Whist a bit ! said an owld man, whose head was as white
 As the shnow that fell down on that miserable night ;
 Shure ye'll fall in the wather, me bit of a lad,
 For the night is so dark and the walkin' is bad
 Bedad ! he'd not lisht to a word that was said,
 But he'd go till the top if he went on his head,
 Be jabers !

A bright buxom young girl, such as like to be kissed,
 Axed him wadn't he shtop, how could he resist ?
 So, snapping his fingers and winking his eye,
 While shmilng upon her, he made this reply—
 Faith I meant to kape on till I got to the top,
 But as yer shwate self has axed me I may as well shtop,
 Be jabers !

He shtopped all night, and he shtopped all day,
 And ye mus'nt be axing whin he did go away ;
 But wouldn't he be a bastely gossoon
 To be lavin' his darlint in the swate honeymoon ?
 Whin the owld man has paraties enough and to spare,
 Shure he moight as well shtay if he's comfortable there,
 Be jabers !

LINES ON FOOLS.

IN the garb of a clown I've been long on the town,
And I find, the longer I'm in it,
That fools will be fools, in spite of all rules,
And I'll prove it to you in a minute.
There's the merchant or tradesmen, whichever he be,
Gets deep into debt with another ;
No money he saves, at least so he raves,
If he's not a fool—he's more t'other.
But the greatest fools yet that I ever met,
Was two girls at words, in high fever,
Tearing each other's eyes, about a man twice their size,
That don't care a button about either ;
For he says that his wife must comfort his life,
Be a good natured, good tempered, kind one ;
She never must scold, but do as she's told,
He's a very great fool if he thinks he can find one.
I'll own it at once, I'm a bit of a dunce,
For the rod came as oft as the book to me ;
And tho' only a clown I'll bet you a crown,
I'm not such a fool as I look to be.

LOVES.

WHEN a boy at home I lov'd to play,
And from my school I lov'd to stay.
I lov'd my marbles and my tops.
I lov'd to see the sweetmeat shops.
I lov'd the time when I got sense.
I lov'd all those who gave me pence.
I lov'd the time when I grew older.
I lov'd the sailor and the soldier,
I lov'd my father and my mother.
I lov'd my sister and my brother.
I lov'd old port and Newport, too.
I lov'd my country through and through.

I lov'd all the pretty little babies.

But my greatest love is for the ladies.

Bless their hearts I love them all alike, young or old, short or tall, lame or lazy, blind or crazy ; in fact, I am one of those kind of fellows I'd pay a proper respect to a lamp post if it only had a bonnet on.

And, oh ! that woman had but one mouth,
That I may kiss them all from North to South.

THE POET.

YES, I'm a poet. Perhaps you don't know it, but I'll very soon show it. So here goes it with Lines upon a Tater.

Oh sweet ground fruit how well you suit

The cause of human nature,

I do declare none can compare

With thee oh, floury tater.

Kidney or round, I do be bound,

Ofttimes have stood the rackets

Sometimes in ash, sometimes in smash,

And sometimes in your jackets.

Oft have I seen young maids so green,

Your flowry jackets peeling ;

With pointed knives digging out your eyes,

They've got no fellow-feeling.

MACBETH'S SOLILOQUY ALTERED.

Is this a leg of mutton I see before me, the shank toward my hand. Come, let me clutch thee ; I have thee not and yet I see thee still. Art thou, leg of mutton, sensible of the inward craving I feel, or art thou placed upon that spit to mock my hunger ? I see thee yet smoking hot and pleasing to my sight, in form as palatable as any leg of mutton placed in a cookshop window, and from its substance delicious drops of beautiful gravy falls. I'll steal this leg ; there is no one

near but the cook, and dreams of fat and dripping haunt her
 curlined sleep ; thou, greasy hearthstone, hear not my step
 lest the cat, who curls its tail in front of the fire, should
 mollow of my whereabouts. I'll bone the leg and then the
 mutton will be done. Hist ! soft, I have it ! I got it. Ah, a
 bell ; that is the dinner bell. Hear it not for 'tis a knell, that
 shall the want of a leg of mutton tell.

THE DECK HAND AND THE MULE.

THE mule stood on the steamboat deck,
 The land he would not tread :
 They pulled the halter round his neck
 And whacked him o'er the head.

But obstinate and braced he stood,
 As born the scene to rule—
 A creature of the hold back brood,
 A stubborn, steadfast mule.

They cursed and swore : he would not go
 Until he felt inclined ;
 And, though they thundered blow on blow,
 He altered not his mind.

The deck hand to the shore complained,
 "The varmint's bound to stay !"
 And still upon the critter's hide
 A sounding lash made play.

His master, from the shore, replied,
 "The boat's about to sail ;
 As other means in vain you've tried,
 Suppose you twist his tail,

It's likely that will make him land !"
 The deck hand, brave, though pale,
 The nearer drew, with outstretched hand,
 To make the twist avail.

Then came a kick of thunder sound ;
 The deck hand—where was he ?
 Ask of the waves, that far around
 Beheld him in the sea.

A moment, not a voice was heard,
 But winked the mule his eye
 As though to ask to him occurred—
 “ Now, how was that for high ? ”

“ Just cut his throat ! ” the captain roared,
 “ And end the awful brute.”
 But the noblest soul who perished there
 Was he who tried to do't.

JACK SPRAT.

W. W. DAVIS.

Jack Sprat could eat no fat,
 His wife could eat no lean ;
 So 'twixt them both they cleared the plate,
 And licked the platter clean.—MOTHER GOOSE.

THIS poem has always been much admired. It is not so long as the *Fairy Queen* ; it does not deal with such lofty events as *Paradise Lost*, but delights us with a familiar scene from lowly. The style is simple, the language understood by a child, and there is an entire absence of that foolish imagery which spoils so many excellent productions.

In regard to John Sprat's boyhood the poet says not a word. Was he a sweet infant ? At what age did he cease to crawl ? As a lad did he tear his trowsers ? Did his conduct ever require his mother to apply her shoe to his frame ? All these and similar inquiries must remain forever unanswered.

One point, however, is certain : John was tenderly raised, for he could eat no fat. Poor, ragged children, playing all day around the gutters, have an appetite like an ostrich.

They swallow any thing. But little John must have had a dainty palate ; the very sight of fat, perhaps, was grievous to him, and so his indulgent mother cut it off, and let her darling go it on his muscle.

John Sprat was not blind to the charms of the girls. He was married. Mrs. Sprat may have had golden ringlets, ruby lips, pearly teeth, and an alabaster brow, but it is all conjecture as to the beauty. There is no allusion to her temper, but we have good grounds for believing that she never threw the teapot at John's head.

Whatever softness may have rendered Mrs. Sprat attractive as a maiden, in middle life she doubtless became very coarse. She could eat no lean. Fat seems to have been her delight. The good woman ought to have lived with the Esquimaux, and fed on blubber. Everything she put into her mouth, we may suppose, had to be well greased ; and we will not be far wrong in naming fried cakes, goose gravy, salad swimming in oil, and toast floating in butter, as her favorite diet.

The third and fourth lines of the poem present us a cheerful scene of domestic life. Dinner is ready. The delicate John takes his seat at one end of the table, the overgrown Mrs. Sprat at the other. No children are mentioned. The boys may be in the White Pine silver mines, the girls may be learning millinery with their aunt. Between the venerable couple smokes a huge dish of bacon. In imagination we can see John take the carving-knife, skillfully dissect the savory mass, politely pass the fat to his aged consort, and keep the meat for himself. Happy pair ! How lovingly they must have dwelt together in their declining years ! In the warmth of their affection, even the poor cat is cheated of her dues, for holding the dish between them, every trace of gravy is swept away.

A WORD WITH YOU.

ANON.

YOUNG man, don't get too foxy. If you happen to get in possession of a few dollars, act just as you did before you got them. Don't swell up and burst ! If you have a good share of brains you won't do this ; you will remember that neither money, clothes nor good looks make the man, and that worth is as often garbed in a ragged coat as in broadcloth. Don't stand on hotel steps, dangling your watch chain, and talking "hoss." Those who load themselves with airs are the smallest kind of potatoes, and the fewest in the hill. A fat job often spoils young men of weak minds. They immediately commence to dress fine, and take great pride in cultivating an aldermanac corporosity and a sporting air. Sensible people are always disgusted with such actions when they deign to notice them, which is very seldom.

THE ASS AND THE VIOLINIST—A FABLE.

JOHN G. SAXE.

WITHIN the fields, one summer day,
A strong-lunged ass began to bray ;
The uplands echoed back his voice—
To hear it made his heart rejoice.

" Ah, what a pity ! " cried the ass,
" That I should longer feed on grass ;
My lungs are strong, my voice is loud,
At concerts I might draw a crowd ;

List to my music, how it fills
The valleys sleeping 'mong the hills ;
'Tis sweet, I know, for, look ! see what
Great ears for music I have got."

A great musician heard the din
While passing with his violin ;

He stopped awhile upon his way
And bade the old ass cease to bray.

"My long-eared friend," the fiddler said,
"This neighborhood must wish you dead ;
For worse than any sounding brass
Is your coarse braying, Mr. Ass ;
If you wish music, cease your din,
And listen to my violin."

He rubbed the rosin on his bow ;
He tried the notes both high and low ;
Making a stone do for a chair,
He played a grand, soul-stirring air.

Ere he had ceased his tune to play,
The ass began again to bray ;
Nor violin, nor song of bird
Could for a moment then be heard.

At last the old ass dropped his head,
And to the old musician said :
"Music is sound, my friend, you see—
Therefore all sounds must music be ;
Of mine the world will be the proudest,
Because, my friend, it is the loudest."

What more could the musician say ?
What further do than let him bray ?
He wandered off through twilight dim—
Ass wisdom was too much for him.

CONCLUSION.

How many men we daily pass
Who reason like this braying ass !
They grow to men from braggart boys,
And think that brains must make a noise ;
They gain high seats in synagogues,
No mystery their vision fogs ;

Whene'er they lack for argument
 They give their store of gas a vent ;
 And wise men whisper, as they pass,
 " There goes a self-conceited ass,"

ROMEO AND JULIET.

It was in ancient Italy a deadly hatred grew
 Between old Caleb Capulet and Moses Montague ;
 Now Moses had an only son, a little dapper beau,
 The pet of all the pretty girls, by name young Romeo.
 And Caleb owned a female girl, just home from boarding
 school,

Miss Juliet was her Christian name—for short they called her
 Jule.

To bring the lady out he gave a ball at his plantation,
 And thither went young Romeo, without an invitation.
 One Tybalt, kinsman to the host, began to growl and pout,
 And watched an opportunity to put the fellow out ;
 But Caleb saw the game and said, " Now, cousin, don't be
 cross ;

Behave yourself or leave the room ; are you or I the boss ?"
 When Juliet saw Romeo his beauty did enchant her ;
 And Romeo he fell in love with Juliet instant.
 Now, lest their dads should spoil the fun, but little time was
 tarried,

Away to 'Squire Lawrence sped, and secretly were married.
 Oh, cruel fate! that day the groom met Tybalt in the square,
 And Tybalt being very drunk, at Romeo did swear.
 Then Romeo his weapon drew (a knife of seven blades),
 And made a gap in Tibby's ribs, that sent him to the shades.
 The watchman came ; he took to flight, down alley, street
 and square ;

The Charlies ran, o'ertook their man, and took him 'fore the
 Mayor.

Then spoke the worthy magistrate (and savagely did frown),
 " Young man, you have to lose your head, or else vamose the
 town !"

He chose the last, and left his bride in solitude to pine ;
“ Ah me ! ” said he, “ our honeymoon is nothing but moon-
shine ; ”

And then, to make the matter worse, her father did embarrass
By saying she must give her hand to noble County Paris.

“ This suitor is a goodly youth ; to-day he comes to woo ;
If you refuse the gentleman I’ll soundly wollop you.”

She went to ’Squire Lawrence’s cell to know what must be
done ;

The ’Squire bade her to go to bed and take some laudanum.

“ ’Twill make you sleep and seem as dead ; thus can’st thou
dodge this blow ;

A humbugged man your pa will be—a blest one Romeo.”

She drank, she slept, grew wan and cold ; they buried her
next day.

That she’d piped out her lord got word, far off in Mantua ;
Quoth he, “ Of live I’ve had enough ; I’ll hire Bluffkin’s
mule,

Lay in a pint of baldface rum and go to-night to Jule ! ”

Then rode him to the sepulchre, ’mong dead folks, bats and
creepers,

And swallowed down the burning dose, when Juliet ope’d her
peepers.

“ Are you alive, or is’t your ghost ? Speak quick, before
I go.”

“ Alive ! ” she cried, “ and kicking too ; art thou my Romeo ? ”

“ It is your Romeo, my faded little blossom ;

Oh Juliet ! is it possible that you were acting possum ? ”

“ I was, indeed ; now let’s go home ; pa’s spite will have
abated ;

What ails you, love, you stagger so ; are you intoxicated ? ”

“ No, no, my duck ; I took some stuff that caused a little
fit ; ”

He struggled hard to tell her all, but couldn’t, so he quit.

In shorter time than’t takes a lamb to wag his tail or jump,

Poor Romeo was stiff and pale as any whitewashed pump.

Then Juliet seized that awful knife, and in her bosom stuck
it,

Let out a most terrific yell, fell down, and kicked the bucket !

THE STATE OF THE MARKET.

DEALERS in hardware say they never found things as hard as now ; that tin plates are flat, lead heavy, iron dull, spades not trumps, and more rakes in the market than are inquired after ; brass is, however, in demand for politicians ; brads are also in request, but holders cannot be got to fork them out ; nails wont go by pushing and have to be driven. The dry goods merchants say their cases are hard, and complain that people prefer the bank rags to theirs ; in paints everything looks black, though many try to varnish the thing over. Shippers of ashes have had to add sackcloth to them, as prospects are by no means pearly, and prices are going to pot. The timber trade is pining, and holders have to rest upon their oars to stave off the pressure. There is no spirit in the rum trade, and holders of vinegar look sour ; champagne, however, is brisk. Rhubarb and senna are quite drugs, but there is a consumption of brimstone for matches, many having been made. Holders of indigo look blue, but those deep red are not green enough to think that a symptom of the trade dying. Starch is stiffening, and paper is stationery. In the meal market things are floury, but the millers say that the high prices of wheat go against their grain ; at which the bakers are also crusty. The grocers have got along quite spicy, and have had no cause to get peppery, because they have given the public lots of gammon, and so saved their bacon. There is no life in dead hogs, but some animation in old cheese.

A ROMANCE IN A THIMBLE.

It was near midnight towards the close of the afternoon, on a sultry morning in December, one thousand eight hundred and fast asleep, when the burning moon was setting in the eastern sky, casting a brilliant shadow upon the gorgeous clouds which entirely obscured the firmament, and the unclouded sun sending down its noonday beams, with an intensity of heat like the shrieking of heavy thunder through the

deep mountain gorges of the western prairies. In the ensuing autumn, about two years previous to the above merry catastrophe, two pedestrians might have been seen riding on horseback in a three-wheeled carriage up to the brow of a precipice, under the side of a forest which had been cut down before the trees had begun to take root ; they were engaged in eating their evening dinner by the roadside in the arms of Morpheus. The eldest of the three gentlemen was a young lady of about fifty-three, and about two years younger than the other man, which latter gentleman was, from the manner in which she addressed him, her only and youngest daughter. The remainder of her dress consisted of two pair of pantaloons neatly buttoned round the tops of her ears, and attached by a golden strap of unwoven silk to the axletree of the middle-aged gentleman's horse. The third individual last mentioned was an old gentleman of about twenty-two, whose venerable features disclosed the livid hue of the Siberian negro ; his bald head was profusely covered with long silver locks of jet, and which he had evidently lost during a severe attack of sea sickness caught from his next door neighbor, who resided several miles further up the country. He was richly clothed in a worn-out frock-coat which was secured by straps under his boots ; his feet was bare, and, save his gloves, he had no other garments to shield him from the balmy atmosphere ; he had lost his arms just above the collar bone, and was constrained to wear crutches ; this, added to total blindness, rendered him an object of general admiration, and as he flew along the subterranean passage, towards the iron door of the dungeon, a giant voice exclaimed, "To be continued in our next."

THE END.

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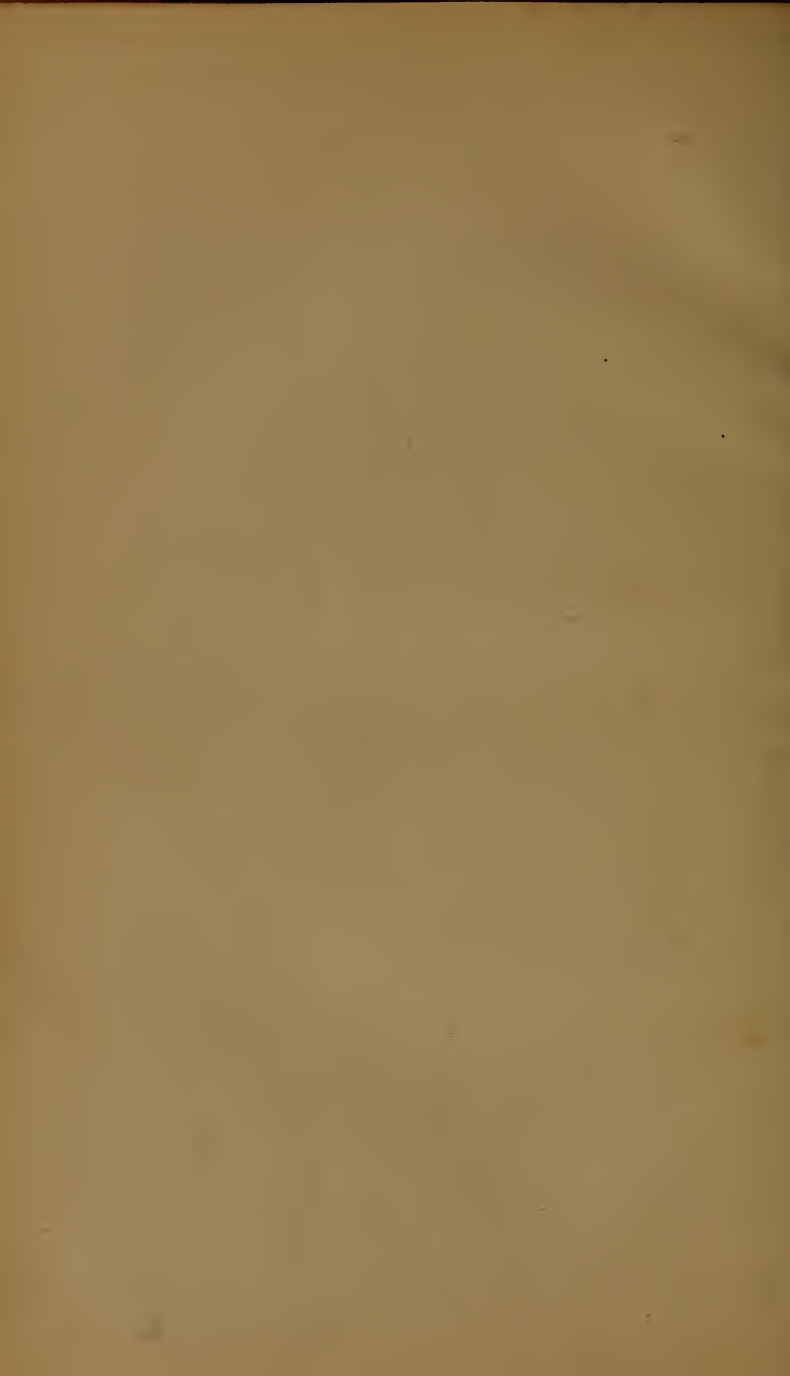
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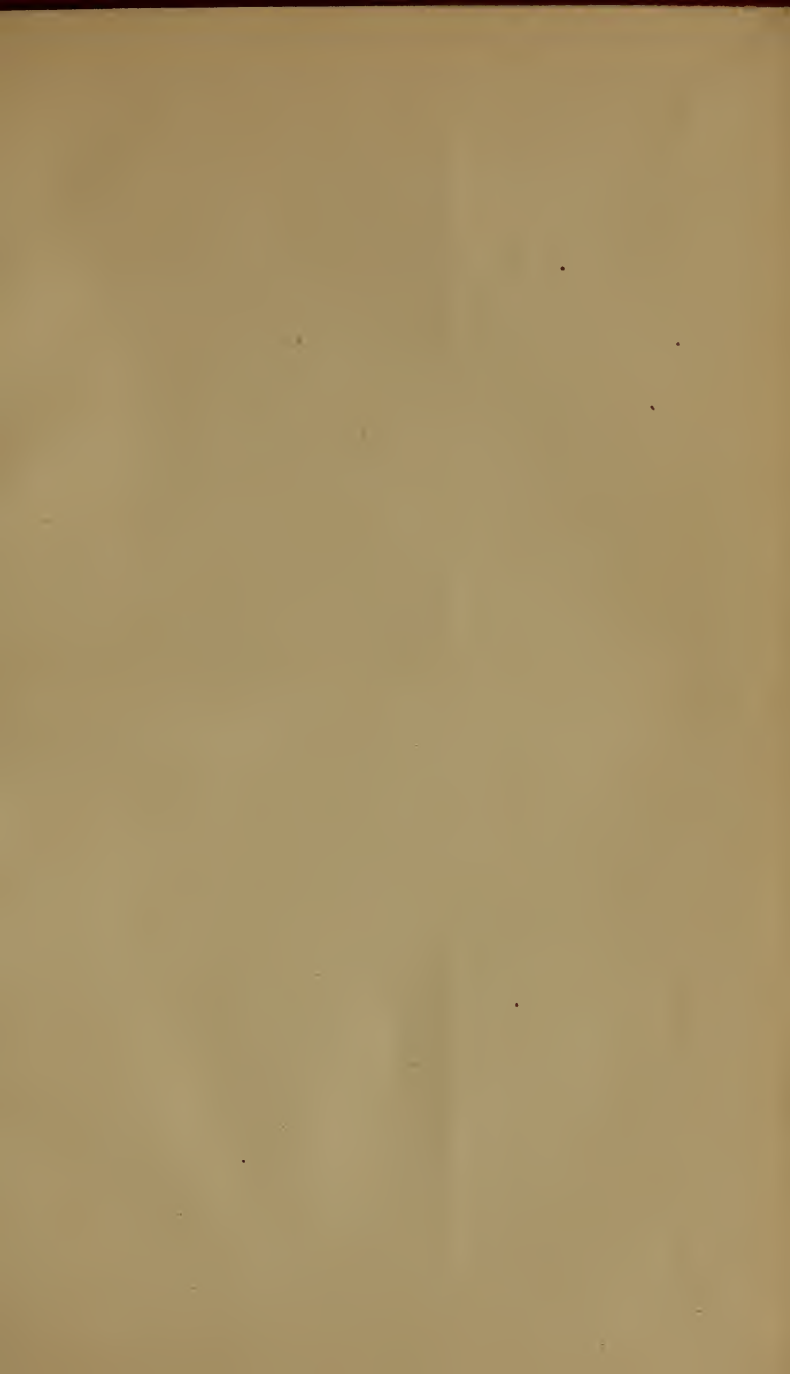
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